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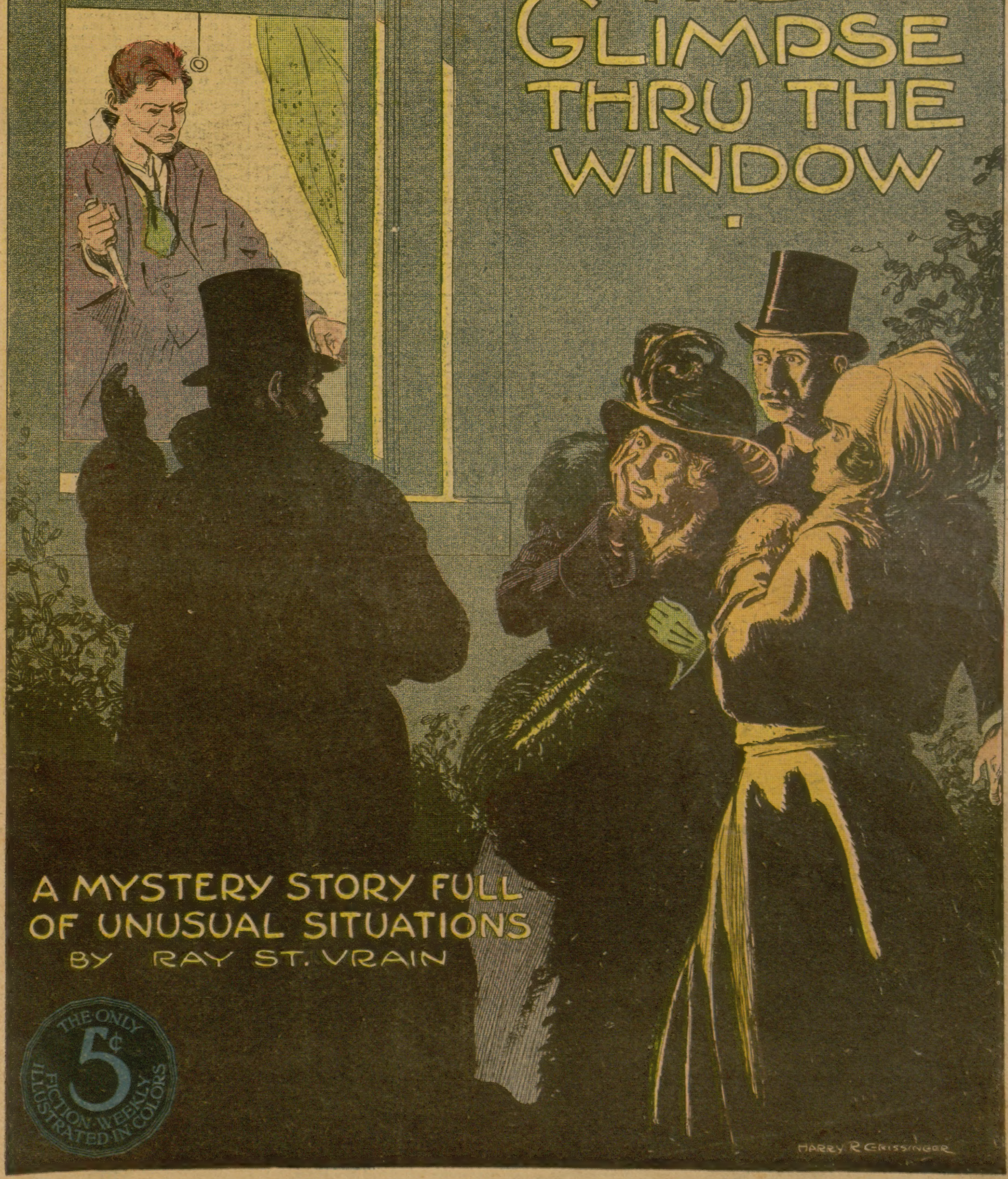
THE GLIMPSE THRU THE WINDOW



A MYSTERY STORY FULL OF UNUSUAL SITUATIONS

BY RAY ST. VRAIN

THE ONLY 5¢ FICTION WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS

HARRY R. GRISSINGER

CHICAGO LEDGER

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THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

ARE YOU A "GOOD MIXER"?

SOME persons seem to think that "good mixers" are born, not made. They grant that the ability to be a good mixer is an enormous asset in business or social activities, but when they have said that they do not mix well, they seem to think that the story is ended.

Now as a matter of fact, the ability to mix with other people is something that depends almost entirely on individual effort. The only thing that seems to be innate about it is the preseverance needed to acquire the knack of mixing well. It is natural to almost every one to feel a little reticence about meeting and talking to new people. A certain amount of shyness, evidenced or not, is a usual trait. The man you know who has the reputation of being a "good mixer," may have felt just as much like drawing back into his shell when meeting new people as ever you did. The point is that he realized the desirability of mixing and simply overcame his diffidence.

To be a good mixer demands a certain sort of aggressiveness. If you meet old friends or acquaintances, especially those who are lacking in aggressiveness themselves, make sure to show them that you are pleased to see them again. Take them by the hand, inquire for their near kinsfolk. If you make the acquaintance of a new person, say something to him that is going to make him remember that he has met you. Don't just bow or shake hands with the animation of an oyster. One thing remember—that the good mixer is usually the man or woman who holds the friendship and attention of the people who are generally regarded as bad mixers and persons of negative personality. It is these people who usually feel the embarrassment of shyness most and who appreciate it most if you break the spell of their speechlessness.

WHAT READERS ASK.

"Will you please tell me what is suitable to wear for a formal luncheon which is to be attended by about twenty women at a country club? Should one remove the hat and gloves?"

I should say, first of all, that you should conform in this matter to the usage of the majority of the other guests or of those who are most intimate with the hostess. It would, however, be most unusual to remove the hat. Nowadays if one wears a suit with a jacket, it is not usual to remove the jacket for a luncheon at a club or hotel, or, for that matter, in formal society even at a private residence. For a luncheon such as you describe it would be customary to leave one's gloves on when coming from the dressing-room and remove them at luncheon.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

MOVIELAND By Lillian Gish

Millions Love Her

MARRIED PEOPLE AND THE MOVIES

AFTER all their plans for waiting to get married until they could go to England and have his father perform the ceremony, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry had the knot tied in Los Angeles recently. It's always interesting when an actress and a director marry, for their work dovetails so beautifully that they are bound to be congenial.

There are many star-director partnerships in Movieland. Dorothy Phillips and Alan Holubar, Florence and King Vidor, Mabel and Hugo Ballin, and ever so many others, have proved what such partnerships means. I'm surprised that more young married couples who want to make a place for themselves don't do as the Vidors did—journey out to California and buck the movie game together. There are so many opportunities for them in it, and they can work together, which, after all, is one of the biggest factors in making a marriage successful. At the Griffith Studio we have the Smiths, who are expert cutters of film, and have worked together for years. Often you find a camera man whose wife acts in pictures, or works in the wardrobe room, or in the scenario department, perhaps.

Or they may be like Mr. and Mrs. Such, whom I've mentioned in this department before. He is Mr. Griffith's assistant—directs, supervises sets—does everything, except what his wife does! They are always on the job, they can be depended on for everything—and they're blissfully happy!

Of course, one wouldn't advise a young married couple to pull up stakes and break into the movies without some capital to start with, and some assurance that they could get a job. The Vidors had the experience, not a great deal of money, and a flivver in which to make the trip. King Vidor had written and sold scenarios, and made some pictures on his own hook, down home in Texas. His wife had acted. It took them some time to get a big start in pictures—but then, it takes years and years in some professions, and the man and woman may not be able to progress together.

I've been wondering if eventually the motion-picture field won't be the happy hunting ground of the young married couple, rather than of the girl or young man who wants a profession that seems attractive. Not that young people won't always be in great demand, of course! But as people realize that any kind of motion-picture work is hard, as well as interesting, and that one can progress in any branch of it, if one is willing to work, I believe that we will see many a young man and woman who want to work along together studying it with a view to making it their life work.

Next Week: Lillian Gish on Training for the Screen.

Little Odd Story of the Week--No. 5

By Howard Philip Rhoades

HIS MASTERPIECE

THE Wife wept softly, the Woman looked on in brazen indifference, but the Prosecutor's face and eyes were kindly. He waited a moment for the atmosphere to clear, and then squared himself in his chair, and spoke.

"Ladies, you understand this court is a place to talk over troubles privately, and to settle them without dragging any one in the mire of publicity. I want both of you to tell me the simple truth, and we will adjust matters to the best advantage. How long"—he addressed the Wife—"how long have you been married to him?"

The Wife, a slim little woman, lifted her head and half sobbed, "Six months."

"You met him here in the city?"

"No, at my father's store in a village up State. I wouldn't have the folks know of this for the world, after—— You see, he was so handsome, so kind—oh I loved him! I still do. I knew nothing of him except that he was traveling, selling goods to my father. His love was enough. We eloped a week later. Here in the city we were happy three months. Then—something—he grew cold—indifferent—and I found out about this—this—woman."

The Wife had given away.

In the knowing tones of one who has seen both sides of the skein, the Woman burst out: "How did I know he was married? He came into the store and bought a hat—he said for his sister. He came back. He talked soft—then flowers—dinners—theaters—you know——"

The Prosecutor turned to the Wife. "I talked to him this morning," he said, "and he seemed repentant, and willing to do right—if you wish him back."

"Oh, I do! I love him!" moaned the Wife.

"And you, madame, you——"

"I—huh! There's lots of such! I'll stay away from him."

Here were two types. Both loved this loose fellow with the power to make women love him. The Wife admitted her love. The Woman hid hers poorly beneath feigned indifference.

"If it's understood he is to go back home and live as he should," said the Prosecutor, "I'll have him brought over, and we will get his promise."

He pressed a button. Soon the door opened and before them stood a pretty woman of 30. She wore a white cap, an immaculate waist, and a prim short skirt beneath which peeped out a pair of small, graceful feet. Her eyes were wide and looked so innocent as to be out of keeping with the place.

"Matron," ordered the Prosecutor, "send the headquarter's officer, please."

"He's out, sir, on a call," the matron imparted.

"Well"—the Prosecutor hesitated, knitting his brows—"to save delay, do you suppose you could bring Mr. Graham over from the other building?"

The matron readily replied: "Yes, I think so."

"All right," agreed the Prosecutor. "I'll call the turnkey, and have him gotten out for you." As she left he lifted the receiver of the house phone and, when he got his connection, gave the order.

"Our matron," he explained, "is a great help in cases of this sort. She's a widow—been with us three years—and has seen enough trouble to know how it goes. She had a talk with Mr. Graham this morning and doubtless helped him make up his mind to do right.

"She'll bring him across the inclosed courtway from the cell block," he pursued to break the awful silence, "and that will save us delay. I know," he smiled, "you ladies don't care to stay here any longer than necessary."

There was no response, and, growing serious again, he continued: "Perhaps you didn't know about our new Court of Marital Difficulties—most people don't until they get there. But really it's a fine thing. The law authorized it as an experiment. I'm its judge, and its purpose is to separate respectable people, who happen to have a little trouble, from the habitual court dregs. It gives me the rather unusual power to detain such a man as Mr. Graham, and to summon you ladies here, in order to save you from possible developments."

Realizing that he was doing an irrelevant monologue to persons who were learning only too much about the place, the Prosecutor stopped talking, and took to drumming on his desk. The heavy silence oppressed him, and he walked to the window. Away thru the busy streets his eyes traveled to the great bridge marking the boundary between two States.

He stood there idly gazing for a time, and then turned and paced his office. Once or twice he looked out of the door, down the hall, and, after a few minutes, murmured in wondering surprise. Finally he excused himself and left the room.

The women sat silent with averted eyes. The Wife, tho broken, was anxious to see the altered attitude of her husband. The Woman, stinging with rebuke, was eager to see, perhaps for the last time, this man who had charmed her. Both turned and faced the door, for there was a step outside.

It was the Prosecutor, alone, pale and perturbed. His lips twitched, but he said nothing until he opened a drawer, and drew out a telegram.

"Ladies," he began, "I was sparing you this. The past didn't need to figure. But now—I think you'd better know. You'll feel better, later. This telegram from the San Francisco police reads: 'Paul Graham, alias Jack White, alias Handsome Ed, served two terms in this State; charge, bigamy. Professional lady charmer. Is he in again?'

"I received a tip from Graham yesterday," continued the Prosecutor, "and I wired West for information."

For the first time a full glance passed between the women. Common disaster was bringing neutrality. Individual misery was becoming united indignation. The slim little Wife gasped speechless, but the Woman snapped spitefully: "Is he in again? I should say he is!"—to the Prosecutor—"Can't you keep him in ten years?"

"Hardly," said the Prosecutor. "But I am going to attend to his case by phone. You see, Handsome Ed started from his cell to this office all right. But, on his way, he tangled his hypnotism around another fool woman, and stopped to put over his masterpiece. We must phone across the river instantly, and see if we can't stop him from marrying his latest victim—the matron."

* * *

An Exasperating Truth.

There never was a newspaper man in the world who had the nerve to tell the truth about a home-talent show.

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T. N. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Adv.

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Are You Fascinated by Spiritualism? Then Read

THE GLIMPSE THRU THE WINDOW

By RAY ST. VRAIN

THE hour was rather late. The theaters had let out and Philip Orme was standing idly at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street, when a girl drove up in a big foreign touring-car, pulled up precipitately, banged open the door and said:

"Get in quickly—please!"

The flaps were hanging. Orme twisted himself in, sank into the deep upholstery, looking interestedly at her old-world profile just haunted by aquilinity, at the tense little hand on the wheel——

Br-r-r!

They were off and away, whizzing around the corner and up Broadway. The policeman at the intersection was too late to halt this mad little driver.

It was like Browning's poem, "not a word to each other, we kept the great pace," until they reached Columbus Circle, then instead of shooting on up Broadway the fair motorist swerved gently into Central Park West, sped on, then in the eighties diminished the speed to four miles an hour on high, turned and surveyed the man she had picked up.

Philip Orme was young, athletic, with looks, breeding.

"Have you muscle," she asked, "a punch?"

"I hope I'm modest," he said, "but facts are facts. I hold the heavyweight boxing championship of Yale for three successive years. And, Mademoiselle Midnight, there were some huskies in those gangs, believe me."

"Thank you; that's very reassuring. I'm looking for brawn just now rather than brains. But why, call me Mademoiselle Midnight? I'm not dark."

He smiled. "It's the hour."

She accelerated. The tree clumps, the masses of rocks in the park shot past. "What's your name?"

"Smith—John Smith."

She frowned. "Why fabricate? Are you afraid of me?"

"What's your name, then?" he countered.

"Laurent Starr."

Now he stared. "Laurent Starr! The celebrated psychic?"

"Call me a medium—that's a good enough word."

"I've read about you in the papers. You seem to be creating something of a sensation."

"Are you a spiritist, Mr. Smith?"

"Well, I hope not."

"Good. You're just the young man I've been hunting—with your muscle."

"You want me to drub somebody?"

"Magnificently, yes."

"A—spirit?"

"No—a rather mortal mortal; the man who calls himself my uncle—Svetitch."

"The impresario of your spook recitals—your manager?"

"You've guessed it."

"Why do you want me to lick him?"

"I want you to pound, punch, mash, drub out of him all desire ever to have me hold a seance again."

"Oh, you're reforming—weary of the other-world fakery?"

"What!" she cried. "You think I'm a fraud?"

"Certainly. They're all frauds."

She smiled pityingly. "How much you have to learn! But I'm glad you're such a robust skeptic. You'll be all the more willing to drub Svetitch, yes?"

"My dear Miss Starr, you've got me, really. Don't you know it's asking quite a bit of the heavyweight champion of Yale to sail into a man, perhaps a poor frail devil, he's got nothing against?"

Laurent laughed. "But Svetitch isn't frail; he's quite spectacularly massive. If I were a fraud it would be easy enough to put him out of business. I could call in a policeman, have him grab a materialized form, turn on the lights and discover somebody's Aunt Jane or Uncle Peter to be nothing but quite tangible mortals—and I'd be mercilessly exposed in the public prints. In that event, of course, Svetitch would have to take up something else to make a living—politics, high finance, or plain old-fashioned banditry. But I'm a genuine medium, more's the pity."

"Yes?" quizzed Orme. "Well, why don't you ask your spirit friends to quit manifesting so people won't attend your seances?"

"They refuse. They're too selfish. They want to come back to their friends in earth-life. For me to give up my psychic work would be like cutting their intercosmic telephone wires—don't you see?" said the girl, with a smile.

He Swung a Goodly Right, Which Crashed on Svetitch's Chin. The Bulgarian Staggered and Clinched.

"Rather vaguely, yes."

She sighed. "It's a lot to ask of you, Mr. Orme——"

"Orme? I told you my name is Smith."

"I don't blame you for that. You're a millionaire—of a stunningly good family—on the dizziest rung of the social ladder—so why shouldn't you try to hide your identity? I may be a blackmailer—intent on mulcting you out of a hundred thousand or so, my heavyweight friend! Look behind you! See the man—Svetitch himself—sitting in the rear seat pointing a gun at you!"

II.

PHILIP ORME turned around.

But there was no gleaming-eyed, gun-pointing Svetitch there, or anybody else; only the emptiness of the big tonneau, light-mottled thru the isinglass flaps as the car slipped along.

Laurent Starr laughed. So did Orme.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "there is something eerie about you!"

"Look," she said, "I hold up my right hand and solemnly swear I'm a genuine medium, the greatest on earth. Do you believe me?"

"No."

"Really? Well, I didn't believe such things myself until my psychic powers were developed. Do you wonder why I chose you to maul and otherwise make life a burden for George Zingare Svetitch, Bulgarian, of Sofia?"

"Well, yes."

"Not because you happen to be the socially distinguished Philip Orme, but because you're a fibrous fellow, holding those Yale championships and always spoiling for a decent, respectable fight. I dared not asked a professional pugilist to help me; he might have been altogether too brutal; he might have ruined my Svetitch's splendid, egotistical face—it's quite likely."

"Your Svetitch's?"

"Svetitch is charming," she said. "He also insists he's my uncle."

"Indeed? Are you, too, a Bulgarian from Sofia?"

She laughed. "Scarcely. My dead father was an American, an attache of the American embassy at Sofia, that most hideous of all European cities; my mother was an Englishwoman—hence my fair hair—daughter of the British consul at King Fedinand's capital. Svetitch was a Danubian romantic, gentleman attache of Ferdinand's Court, and it amused him to call himself my uncle. He used to tell me of the gnomes and elves and take me to the nightmare shops of Sofia and buy me candy that tasted worse than the Chinese sort——"

Without warning she increased the speed sharply. The car lurched forward.

"You'll come with me, Mr. Orme?"

"Where?"

"Up the Hudson—beyond Tarrytown. Surely you've read of the white-walled palace up there that Svetitch has leased? The papers are playing us up so. The other day one even said I wear an emerald-green hair-net and thumb-watch."

"Pathetic," remarked Orme; "but it's odd, as you—or Svetitch—seem to be following my movements, that you don't know I've just arrived home from South America, and also that the Ormes have a country place, white-walled, too, just above Tarrytown, where my mother, kid brother, and older foster brother are this minute waiting for me."

"Really?" cried Laurent. "A regular criss-cross of fate! You have a country house just above Tarrytown, white-walled like ours! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Oh, I don't know. There are dozens of such houses up the Hudson."

She was impervious to his rather grim reaction. "And you have a little brother of your own as well as an adopted one. Interesting, very." She smiled. "You adore the adopted one, of course?"

Orme shrugged. "He hates me. He's keen for my death—as well as for my little brother Willie's."

"Why, it sounds like a movie plot. Why does he want you to die?"

"There are several millions of mother's he'd get in that event. She adopted him when he was an infant. Her dearest girl friend died and left him to my mother's care. Clever fellow, that

Stuyvesant. He's stayed at home and cared for mother while I, Lord help me, have roved the world devil-may-care fashion. In the last year my father died, and of course it was my luck to be snowbound in the Andes, while Stuyvesant was here to dry mother's tears. So it goes."

"But you didn't seem very eager to go to your mother even after you reached the States," Laurent reminded him. "You were standing in criminal idleness along the curb when I came along."

He smiled. "I was giving myself a day's grace." He peered out thru the isinglass windows at the moonlit clumps of trees in the broken country beyond Van Cortlandt Park. "What! We've come this far? Well, go ahead. I'll help you, my mediumistic friend, all I consistently can—get that word 'consistently?' I'm not saying I'm going to murder Svetitch—or even punch his nose. He'll have to give me cause. By the way, if you're so sick running a spook clearing-house—acting as a switchboard operator for the spirit world—why don't you give Mr. Svetitch the slip by quietly running away in this big friendly car?"

"You Come With Me. If You Make a Move I Kill You Like Dog!" Commanded Zarah the Egyptian Woman.

"A fair question, Mr. Orme. Svetitch has been too good to me. I'd hate to run away from him—basely."

"You'd rather stay and have his face punched in?"

"After due consideration, yes. I dislike to see him hurt—but what can I do? I can't reach him thru the law. Besides, he's awfully vain of his really stunning good looks and if you jolly him up a bit and incidentally tell him why you're doing it—that you believe he and I are unconscionable frauds preying upon the credulity of grief-stricken humanity and so on—he'll be more crushed than if he were literally landed behind the bars."

"Sounds terribly fishy," commented Orme. "Wait! What's that?" He parted the flaps and peered out behind. "A car is following us——"

"Yes?" queried Laurent coolly. "Shall we die of heart-failure? Maybe another car will meet us in a moment. This is a busy highway. You, the holder of the Yale championships, are not nervous surely?"

Up the Hudson they sped to Tarrytown, past it to a palatial ginger-bread colonial country house rising ghostly white in the moonlight. When they swept down the Lombardy poplar-palisaded driveway and pulled up at the porte-cochere, the car that Orme had noticed miles down the road was immediately behind.

"Yes," said Laurent, reading the question in his eyes, "it has been following us by my direction. A young girl out alone at night has to protect herself one way or another!" she laughed.

A sleepy footman admitted them to a white-and-gold columned hall; then Laurent led Orme into a sumptuous tapestried drawing-room, where a handsome giant of a man with black eyes, blacker pompadour, and a dark, scowling face rose belligerently at their approach.

"So—!" he said to Orme in broken English with a distinct Slavic accent, "with my niece you are out at midnight. She is a young thing and foolish, God help her, not able to protect herself. This is scandal, yes. So I show you what I, her uncle, do——"

Quickly he slapped Orme's cheek.

The blood of the holder of the Yale championships, an angry flood, rushed up to the roots of his hair and he swung a goodly right which crashed on Svetitch's chin. The Bulgarian staggered and clinched, then——

What was this?

"A knockout," thought Philip Orme, in a sea-green haze. "I'm slipping . . . Did he land on my jaw . . . nose . . . ?"

He crumpled to the Persian rug.

III.

NOT far from The Lilacs, the colonial country house where Laurent Starr was living, stood another mansion with columns larger and whiter, porches broader and breezier, terraces greener and more perfectly gradated, a surrounding park more spacious and entrancing, a view of the Hudson more picturesque and comprehensive.

Two weeks after Laurent picked up Philip Orme at the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second street and took him up to The Lilacs to be slapped on the face by the Bulgarian Svetitch, Mrs. Orme, a woman in deep mourning who still showed evidences of patrician beauty, and her adopted son Stuyvesant, a thin, wiry, bright-eyed young man wearing a microscopic mustache on an incredibly long upper lip, were discussing the girl psychic's alleged powers at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Orme's own son, William, a lad of 12, the "kid brother" that Philip had mentioned to Laurent, had already had his orange and porridge and was flying a kite on the lawn.

"Miss Starr is quite the sensation of the hour," Stuyvesant was saying. "Abroad she was a great success, but she's taking everything by storm here. The Psychic Research Society is crazy over her, and some of our most prominent millionaires are her regular patrons. Surely it will be worth your while to attend one of her seances." Then in reverential tones he declared his hope that his foster mother's dead husband would return to comfort her.

Mrs. Orme quite agreed with him; then branched off on a more mundane subject—her son Philip. Why hadn't he been to see her? He had arrived from South America all of two weeks ago——

But Stuyvesant had a softly-spoken interruption: "You know, mother, that Philip is young and careless. He's simply lingering in New York having his usual sort of good time—and no doubt will sooner or later come to beg you to pay his debts if nothing else brings him."

Mrs. Orme was not favorably struck with this speech of Stuyvesant's; and she flatly said so. In very gentle tones Stuyvesant insisted he disliked to trouble her; but facts were facts—and Philip had left behind him in Buenos Aires debts aggregating thousands of dollars.

"What!" she cried.

"It's true; he wrote many begging letters to me."

"To you? Why didn't he write to me?"

"Perhaps he had a spark of filial feeling left. At any rate I sent him considerable sums of money at various times, and then when I refused further remittances he wrote abusively, threatening my life."

Mrs. Orme gazed at her adopted son steadfastly. "Stuyvesant, that doesn't sound like Philip."

Stuyvesant rang for his valet, sent him upstairs for his letter-packet, then on the man's return picked out one and handed it to Mrs. Orme.

"There—is that Philip's writing?"

"It looks like it."

"Well, read for yourself what he says."

She read it slowly.

"Do you think Philip wrote it?" asked Stuyvesant.

"I must reserve my opinion."

IV.

ONE morning Philip Orme awoke to find himself lying in a guest chamber at The Lilacs, his face bandaged and his mind in a haze.

"What's happened?" he asked Laurent, who was bending over him.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "You didn't whip Svetitch—he whipped you instead. In fact, he knocked you out. It was a terrific blow on the jaw bone. We feared for your life. You've been unconscious practically ever since."

"How long ago was it?"

"Two weeks."

"Two weeks——! But my mother—she'll think I'm dead. I must go to her." He tried to rise, but fell back from weakness.

"The doctor says you'll have to stay in bed at least another week. I'm really very sorry. I shouldn't have done it. Will you forgive me?"

"For what?"

"Don't you remember I picked you up at Broadway and Forty-Second street and brought you here to whip Svetitch?"

"And I fell for it!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "What a transparent fairy tale—and what an exhibition of gullibility on my part!"

She looked hurt. In the soft sunshine of the sultry morning she made a delicate picture. Fair, with a fairness almost of that ethereal world with which she claimed to be in touch, she was lovely beyond anything Orme had ever imagined. "A Hebe," he thought as he watched her; then bitterness overcame him.

"What sort of game was it you were playing?" he asked harshly. "I didn't have any particular money on my person. You haven't murdered me—yet. My loving foster brother Stuyvesant isn't claiming I'm a lunatic and had you bring me to this place which is in reality a private madhouse, no? You're not holding me for ransom?"

She laughed. "You have a vivid imagination, Mr. Orme. You're being held here—and tenderly cared for—simply because Svetitch almost killed you—and that was my fault. Once again I ask your forgiveness——"

"I don't feel in a jesting humor," he said coldly. "You say Svetitch almost killed me. He did—with a drug."

She raised her exquisitely traced brows. "A drug? You must be out of your head again——"

"You say he hit me on the jaw," he interrupted. "That's false!" He tore the bandage from his face and smote his cheek with no inconsiderable force. "You see, there isn't the slightest soreness there. Svetitch didn't hit me at all. I crashed a right to his chin—he clinched—then he—or you—or some one else—drugged me. You know this is true. Why not admit it?"

"I'm admitting nothing," she answered sullenly.

"How beautiful you are," he cried sadly, "to be engaged in this business!"

She looked up quickly. "What business?"

"Whatever it is. To pretend to call up spirits is bad enough; but the way you lured me here smacks of the worst methods of underworld gangsters."

"You're right," she said after a moment, genuine regret in her tones. "I'm sorry—now. It's a won-

(Continued on Page 16.)

Further Chapters About the Man Who Hated Law and Order

The Resistance Kid

By Bryan Irvine

A Summary of the Opening Installment

JAMES REDDING, 26 years old, six feet tall, hard-muscled and good-looking, was leaving prison after serving a five-year sentence for stealing a millionaire's automobile, but it was not his first offense, by any means, as he had already been branded as an all-around crook. From the day he entered the State penitentiary until the day he was free to depart, he had been called "the Resistance Kid." He had resisted all rules and regulations of the institution and his conduct had necessitated the establishment of new rules, simply to govern his ingenious attempts at escape, or bold defiance of official orders.

WARDEN DRESDEN, a kindly man, would send Redding away with some friendly advice, but the Resistance Kid would have none of it, altho the warden's soft words had pictured high and honorable stations that Redding's remarkable intelligence and skill could win for him should he adopt a life of honesty and respectability. Nothing doing in that line, Redding insisted. His own father, innocent of any crime, a good union workman, had died in this same prison, and his mother, a victim of poverty, had yielded up her life at the washtub. In an orphans' home at the age of 7, they had beat him for every trivial offense. At the age of 17 he had knocked the cruel gardener senseless with a hoe and escaped. No, he was against man-made laws and against all mankind. He had no friend in the world—wanted none. And with this avowal Jimmie Redding, the Resistance Kid, departed from the prison.

CHIEF HARPER, of the city police, when he heard of Jimmie's release, decided that he couldn't have such a dangerous character "running around loose." Detectives were sent out on his trail, with instructions to "frame" something if no criminal charge could be brought against him.

SYLVIA HAMBERTON, who with her mother had just inherited her father's millions, was proud of her smart little pea-green roadster, altho other cars costing high in the thousands, with an expert chauffeur to drive them, were always at her command. Sylvia's little car was acting badly this bright morning; it was stalled on the road leading from the prison to the railway station. And it so happened that Jimmie came along and, being fresh from the prison auto repair shop, he soon had the little car in perfect running order. Result: A few hours later found the Resistance Kid engaged as the new Hamberton chauffeur, with but two thoughts running wild in his head—first, that Sylvia was surely a "regular peach," second, that the Hamberton mansion just as surely contained enough jewelry, silver and other "swag" to keep him in clover all the rest of his life. That same evening Jimmie knocked

SIMPSON, the scowling butler, flat upon the garden turf for abusing

ANNE BILLINGS, pretty and diminutive maid to the wayward but charming Sylvia. The huge butler returned to the house swearing quick revenge for Jimmie's assault. Little Anne was thankful, but feared Jimmie would suffer some terrible punishment for his act.

CHAPTER IV.

SIMPSON was a wise and cautious butler. He doubted not that the ex-convict would kill on very little provocation. In fact, on further meditation, the butler concluded that the new chauffeur would kill with no provocation whatever. Therefore, Mr. Simpson did not carry his grievances and his bruised jaw to Mrs. Hamberton.

However, the butler, tho lacking courage, still wanted Anne Billings. He believed that he had the prior right over the new chauffeur. Had not he, Simpson, seen her first? Certainly. And, too, this James Read person must not hang around the Hamberton home. He, Simpson reasoned, was a nuisance—a menace.

All of which accounts for the mysterious call that came over the telephone to Chief of Police Harper on the morning following the little misunderstanding in the garden.

"What's that?" Harper barked into the transmitter. "James Read, ex-convict? . . . Yes. . . . Chauffeur at the Hamberton home? Huh! . . . Yes, I get you. Well set-up guy about 25 or 26 years old? Talks out of the corner of his mouth; very pugnacious; blue eyes, red hair—am I right? Weighs about a hundred and seventy-five pounds; six feet tall?"

A pause. Then: "Sure. Glad you told me. But who is this speaking? . . . Huh! All right. Don't need your name, anyhow. Thanks."

"Ye gods!" Harper breathed as he snapped the receiver on the hook. "The Resistance Kid is Martha Hamberton's chauffeur! Send Neulin in," to the orderly.

A half-hour later Detective Bert Neulin sat before Mrs. Hamberton in the latter's home. After numerous hems and haws he proceeded to lay before the little lady the terrible past of the Resistance Kid. The detective omitted nothing. He had an excellent memory. He concluded with:

"Mr. Harper considered it his duty to warn you, Mrs. Hamberton, and to urge you to discharge this James Read, or whatever his present name is. He is a dangerous man, Mrs. Hamberton."

Mrs. Hamberton smiled calmly, rang for Simpson and ordered Jimmie brought before her. A moment later the Resistance Kid entered. He favored Detective Neulin with a sneer and Neulin favored him with a I've-cooked-your-goose smirk.

"Will you please repeat what you just told me, Mr. Neulin—all of it?" Mrs. Hamberton requested.

Neulin did so gladly, and, finishing the sordid tale the second time, looked triumphantly at Jimmie, who stood by in bored silence.

"Is it all so, James?" the little lady queried.

"Yes, Mrs. Hamberton," Jimmie replied. "Everything he has said so far is true. But he has only about one-third of my record."

Neulin started and raised his eyebrows in surprise. Mrs. Hamberton frowned slightly then smiled. Jimmie was prepared for the worst.

"You are very frank, James," said the lady. "I like frankness." Then, smiling upon the detective: "Thank you, Mr. Neulin, for the interest you and Mr. Harper have manifested in my welfare. However, James himself had already told me all about himself. It is as he says; you have only about one-third of his really remarkable record. He will have his chance here, Mr. Neulin, to begin an honest life. He has promised me that he will be good, and I cannot believe he would lie—to me."

A moment later the crestfallen detective was escorted to the outer world by the sour Mr. Simpson, who, by the way, had heard all thru the keyhole.

Jimmie turned to Mrs. Hamberton. "Thanks," he said simply. As much as he tried to keep the real Resistance Kid on the surface, he was grateful to the little lady.

Of course, Mrs. Hamberton's act of kindness would make no difference in Jimmie's plans. He must not go soft, he reasoned, merely because the old lady thought he meant to reform, merely because she believed in him. It was part of the game to cultivate her confidence in him and thus expedite the one big job of his career. Yet a frequent and disconcerting impulse to respect the silver-haired lady and shoot square with her at least, made him angry at himself. A conscience not yet dead struggled for recognition; but the Resistance Kid petulantly fought against it. He wanted no conscience. He wanted no friends. He wanted only to be the Resistance Kid and to carry the banner of "resistance" to glory or to defeat.

In the afternoon Jimmie took Sylvia out in the pea-green roadster. He looked fine in his new, snugly-fitting, olive-drab livery and the shining puttees. Sylvia had personally presented him with the outfit, including the jaunty cap and the expensive gauntlets.

"Everything He Has Said So Far Is True."

Now, Jimmie was positive that wealthy and socially A-1 young ladies are not in the habit of personally purchasing and personally presenting newly-engaged chauffeurs with needed and appropriate raiment. Also, he was aware that wealthy young social queens such as Sylvia, when they possessed their own personal roadster, usually drove the roadster themselves. Trimly-attired chauffeurs, he knew, were considered more in their place at the wheel of a limousine, a touring car or even a sedan.

Nevertheless, here was "James" sitting by the side of dazzling Sylvia Hamberton in a roadster that, tho two persons could find room on one seat by squeezing slightly, was primarily intended for only the driver. Sylvia's pea-green roadster was a low, narrow, rakish-looking craft, and built specially to satisfy one of her frequent whims.

Jimmie was not psychic, therefore he could not read Sylvia's mind. Had this been possible, he would not now look away from the girl at his side now and then to smile knowingly. Jimmie was entirely wrong in his assumptions. Sylvia was interested in him only as a rare find and something "different" in the way of chauffeurs. She wanted to show him off. To do this advantageously she had selected the roadster. Nearly everybody in Willsburgh knew Sylvia Hamberton. Should she ride in the limousine or the touring car they would see only Sylvia. In the narrow, pea-green roadster any one who looked at her must also see her chauffeur.

Sylvia shopped for an hour in the afternoon. In the great stores Jimmie obediently followed her about to return in her wake to the pea-green roadster loaded down with parcels and packages. She frequently addressed him as "James," and she smiled at him very often. In short, she was very nice to James, and poor James misconstrued it all.

What people might say about Sylvia and her James was of little moment to Sylvia. She was Sylvia Hamberton; society, her set, followed her invariably and uncomplainingly in fads, fancies and foibles. Should she choose to squeeze in by the side of James in the narrow, racy roadster—well, Willsburgh must accept it because Sylvia wished it so.

After taking her purchases home Sylvia cluttered up the roadster with several bags of golf sticks, and again squeezed in by the side of Jimmie.

"To the Rose Arbor Golf Links, James," she ordered, flashing him a smile that made him feel queer. And the roadster made a pea-green streak to Rose Arbor Golf Links.

It appears that Sylvia had "neglected" to notify her caddie to be on hand at the links. She had a special, regularly employed caddie. It was a regretful oversight, she informed Jimmie, but——

"Would you mind, James?" she requested, smiling one of those smiles that were slowly but surely breaking thru one sector of Jimmie's resistance. "I know it is not your duty, you know"—another eye-easing smile—"and you can refuse if you like and I will not be angry. But I do want so much to go over the nine-hole course."

Jimmie, for some strange reason that he refused to analyze, did not mind in the least. Caddying for Sylvia came easy. Even while she played the game with a handsome young fellow whom she called Mr. Hamlin and once "Victor," Jimmie did not mind. This poor Victor Hamlin guy, Jimmie guessed, was madly in love with Sylvia and was afraid to tell her about it—knowing that he hadn't the slightest chance of winning her.

The Resistance Kid watched Sylvia closely during the game. He was strangely interested. He could neither sniff, scowl, smile cynically or look the other way. Always, and against his own will, his eyes followed Sylvia. What a girl she was! Light as a deer on her feet; full of life; straight, slim, laughing eternally, cheeks aglow with health and vigor!

"Some kid!" Jimmie finally mused grudgingly. "And she swings a brutal club, too, I'll tell the world. No wonder poor 'Victor' throws the game to her."

Sylvia had not forgotten that Jimmie had refused to accept the five-dollar bill the day he repaired the engine on the prison town highway. Therefore, she carefully refrained from offering a special tip when they left the links. She reasoned that James was a bit proud and sensitive in spite of his atrocious past. Had she offered to pay him for caddying for her an inkling of his true status in her eyes might have escaped thru his blindness. But she refrained and again Jimmie misunderstood, tho he was sure he did understand.

He understood to that extent that he actually felt sorry for Victor Hamlin when, in the evening, Hamlin whisked Sylvia away in a large white racer.

"Fat chance that guy Hamlin has," Jimmie told himself.

While Hamlin and Sylvia burned the roads round about during the evening, Jimmie sat stiffly before the wheel in the hearselike limousine in which Mrs. Hamberton took her evening airing.

Jimmie noted on the evenings that followed that the proud little white-haired lady said nothing to him when others rode with her in the limousine. But when she rode alone, or, rather, with the Resistance Kid sitting before her, she talked to him now and then. Jimmie found himself looking forward to her talks. He liked them. She never touched upon his past or asked him embarrassing questions concerning his criminal operations. It was always about gardens, flowers, interesting people, such subjects as would interest not the wealthy alone, but plain people who were wont to forget now and then the flurry and swirl of a restless world.

It was becoming increasingly difficult for Jimmie to look upon this little motherly soul as his enemy. Somehow he could not place her as a representative of the society around which he, thru a carefully nourished hatred and conse-

(Continued on Page 12.)

A Bum at Blindman

by Floyd T. Wood

MY FRIENDS have given me to understand that it is my personal duty to spin this yarn. Once in a while friends are right, so here goes—I'll do the best I can. Of course it is necessary that you know who I am, so I'll start out with an introduction. On the pay roll of the railroad I work for I am listed as L. R. Eager, but to all my friends and to the most of the public I am just plain Larry.

It's just about forty years ago since I hired out to the L. & M. Railroad in the capacity of call-boy. For the past five years or so I have been holding down the chair of superintendent of the Foothill's Division, with headquarters at Bozeman. Now don't get disgusted, please, and drop this yarn here, thinking you're going to have to listen to the rather tiresome music a man makes when he toots his own horn. This isn't my story at all, and I have not the slightest intention of trying to make it so. But I do want all of you folks to understand that I really do know a little something about the big game of railroading. And, further, I want you to know that in the many years I have spent learning the game, and in the many positions I have held, I have met, studied, hired and fired many kinds of men. And one particular variety was very well represented by Charley Morris—engineer—whose story this is.

On his engine, at his work, Charley Morris was the best man who ever snorted a train out of Bozeman. Off his engine, around town, he was the biggest, all-round he-fool the good Lord ever allowed to live and wear overalls. He was a shining example of why the hardest job I have ever tackled in my life has been trying to divide human beings into absolute classifications. A very few men are all to the bad, absolutely useless for anything. Another bunch is just the opposite—steady, careful, industrious, no bad habits. Either class is easy to locate and handle. But the big trouble comes with the grand and glorious mixture in between these good and bad poles—the fifty-fifties, the sixty-forties, the thirty-seventies; these are the lads who have made me gray before my time.

We will take Charley, for instance. Every so often, provided he was in funds, he would turn loose in town and make sixty-eight kinds of unmitigated ass of himself, and I would make up my mind to fire him. Then the next day he would go back to work sober, and wallop a stock train over the division in thirty minutes' better time than any other man we had could do, and I would want to give him merit marks. What the dickens can a boss do with a man who is such a mixture as that?—and that was Charley thru and thru. He was like the little girl with the curl—when he was good he was the best man we had, and when he was bad he was the worst.

Things had been going on in this see-saw way for three years or more. Charley had broken every local rule we had, and every general rule, far more times than I dared count. It got so bad, finally, that Bob Colter, general superintendent, had to take official notice of Charley's shortcomings; privately he had been wise long before. When Bob did start he was a real stickler for discipline, and he made it very plain to me that the man's foolishness must stop.

I called Charley into my office one afternoon, and gave him a calling down that was warm enough to shrivel heat-proof varnish. This happened just about six weeks before our real story is going to start. Charley reformed, or at least he said that he had, and he worked steady until the first pay-day. And then he proceeded to embark on a large, riotous spree, and he stayed with the game night and day in spite of all we could do to bring him to his senses. When Charley was drunk he was exceedingly conspicuous, and I was not much surprised when Mr. Colter called me into his office.

"I'm sorry, Larry," he said abruptly, "but there is no other way out. As long as I am in charge here there will be no bums permanently on the L. & M. pay roll. Call Morris in—today—and fire him."

I couldn't find a word to say on Charley's behalf; I knew myself that Charley had gone clear beyond the limits, and already had been given more chances than nine men out of ten would have drawn.

I sent two of my clerks out to find Charley, and gave them orders to bring him in even if they had to charter a dray. But it so happened that Charley had gone broke, was reasonably sober, and quite able to bring himself. He came quietly into my office, blear-eyed and unshaven, of course, and truth to tell looking rather ashamed of his rough condition. But he faced me squarely.

"Morning, Larry," he said," here I am again. Go ahead, now, bawl me out right and let me get back to work. I've been a stew bum too long as it is."

"Yes," I snapped, "you certainly have, and this time it's been a good deal too long for your own good."

My words sobered the man, but even then I don't believe he fully realized the judgment that awaited him.

"Say, Larry," he went on, "have you seen Molly and the kids? I went up to the house this morning to fess up and get forgiven and I found everybody gone and the place locked up tight."

Now when Charley mentioned his family he certainly touched me on a spot that was mighty raw. I guess I haven't mentioned before that Charley's wife was my daughter—the only child I had. My own young wife gave her all to bring Molly into the world; I presume that was the big reason why my girl had always been so near and dear to her old dad.

Don't get me wrong, please, don't think I was a sorehead because Molly had left my roof to make a home of her own. I wasn't, not at first, anyway, for when Molly and the man of her choice stood up before the preacher a finer, cleaner, braver pair of real lovers had never faced the world together. I was left lonely, of course, but in spite of that I was glad that my girl loved, and was loved by, a good man. The two had begun with my blessing, and for several years all things had been well.

But how quickly the sun of happiness can lose himself in the mists! How quickly things can change in this world! What an awful mess that devil's dope that lives in bottles can make of a man and a man's home in no time at all! And it's so often the best chaps who go under—the joyful, free-hearted, careless fellows who think they haven't got an enemy in the world. And they wake up some morning and discover that a curse hidden within themselves has come to life and made a grisly wreck of all that they hold most dear. Ever notice that, you people? But I guess we better run along with the story.

"Yes," I said sarcastically, in answer to Charley's query, "I've seen your family. They came to my house last night, after dark, to hide their shame, looking for food to eat, and a fire to keep them warm. Thanks to you, they had neither down at your place. And what's more, Charley Morris, they are going to stay there with me until you quit being a drunken bum! Is that plain enough?"

Charley bowed his head in silent acceptance of the plain justice of my words. I could see that he winked hard to keep back the tears.

"All right, Mr. Eager," he mumbled, when he could speak again (Charley always called me Mister when I had managed to get under his whisky-soaked hide). "All right, but don't rub it in, please? I would say that I'm sorry, only it would sound so foolish, and more like a dirty lie than the truth. But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Eager, that's no lie; as God is my judge, I mean it. I've got wise to myself the last few days; I've just discovered for certain that the road I've been traveling ends up in a choice section of hell. I'm thru with the stuff, Mr. Eager, and this time thru means thru. Let me go now; I want to book on and go to work.'"

THERE was a something about his words, and the expression of his face, that rang deep and true. I was stirred—and grieved at the blow that was still mine to deliver.

"I'm sorry, Charley, honestly I am, but with the L. & M. you are down and out. If you mean what you say you'll have to start in being a man at some other job."

"Good God!" Charley groaned, galvanized into quick speech, "do you mean that I'm fired?"

"Yes," I nodded, "I mean just that. But don't think this is entirely my verdict, Charley. I'm only carrying out Mr. Colter's orders. I've pleaded with you and for you; I've fought for you, lied for you, tooth and nail, for the last three years. True it is that I was thinking mostly of Molly and the children, but whatever my motives it's a fact that I've been on your side, and I've held your job for you a score of times. But all I've done has been wasted, and I can do no more. This morning Mr. Colter told me plump and plain that you had had your last chance, and that if I wouldn't fire you he would, and me, too. Since from all appearances I am to be responsible for the support of your family, I rather think it's up to you to take the gaff.

"Surely to Heaven, man, you couldn't expect to go on forever with your willful violations of rules and regulations, and hang onto your job to boot? Don't you realize that if Molly hadn't have pleaded for you on bended knees, with tears in her eyes and sorrow in her heart, that I would have fired you myself long, long ago? Can't you understand that there's bound to be a limit to everything?"

And drunken and broken as he was, yet Charley was still man enough, and big enough to take his medicine without whining.

"Yes," he said soberly, "you're right, of course; what I am getting isn't one whit more than I deserve. I don't blame Mr. Colter or you in the least; you have both given me every chance. Will you tell Molly—Molly—good-by——."

He put on his hat and started bravely away. But at the door he paused and turned again to me:

"Mr. Eager," he said, and I caught in the tone more than a trace of that sterling quality of manliness that had once been his, "if I can learn to stand again on my own two feet, if I can beat this booze thing out, and come back here to Bozeman after awhile looking, and acting, and feeling like a man, do you suppose that Mr. Colter and Molly and yourself would be willing to take me on for another trial?"

I jumped up from my chair and rushed over to where he stood.

"Will we!" I shouted, as I pumped his hand, "will we! Damit, man, you just try it once and find out. Don't you know, Charley Morris, that that little wife of your's is eating her very heart out with love and worry over you! Don't you know, man, that if you prove yourself worthy of my help I'll back you to the last ditch and the last dollar! Haven't you worked here long enough to know that Bob Colter has a big, human heart hidden away under his official coat!"

"Yes," said Charley humbly, "thank you, I do; I know all of those things. But I'm glad to hear them again straight from your lips. And I won't come back until I have proved that your trust is not misplaced. Good-by again, and thank you."

With a firm step he turned and walked out of my office door, out of my jurisdiction, out of my knowledge, but, as it turned out, into some real lively adventures of his own.

Perhaps ten minutes later Tim Rourke, our road-master, came breezing in. It's quite possible that sometime or other Tim might happen to read this, so in plain justice to him, as well as to myself, I wish to go on record here and now as vouching that he is an Irish gentleman of tact, courtesy and kindliness. So all right for that. It was plain that Tim had something on his mind.

"Just been talking to your son-in-law," he announced, as he sat down in a chair near mine.

"Yes," briefly, "Mr. Colter would'nt stand any more of Charley's foolishness; I had to turn him off this morning."

"Uh-huh," Tim grunted," too bad, too bad! I knew anyhow, Charley just told me. Seems kind of tough to turn a chap adrift just when he's got his eyes open and is getting wise to himself. If I'd had any sort of an opening I'd have given Charley a job in my own department."

I made no answer to this last observation, so the talk drifted away into other channels.

But we will run along to that evening. Personally I've become a firm believer in that faculty women folks so often possess, and which the world calls "intuition." I am entirely positive that Molly knew nothing about Mr. Colter's orders to me respecting her husband. But, notwithstanding, when I reached home that night, Molly was waiting for me at the front gate. It is an old joke, of course, how fond parents boast of their children's brains and good looks. But I'm old enough, and brave enough, so that I dare to repeat the offense. Molly had been a beautiful girl. She was a beautiful woman, even now, altho it cut me to the quick to see how sorrow and a man's neglect had lined her sweet, young face.

"Hello, Molly girl," I called, and she smiled back her answer. But when I leaned over to kiss her she took both of my hands and held them tightly pressed against her breast.

"Well?" she questioned," something happened today, I know. What was it, father?"

From long experience I have learned that it is both useless and foolish to try and deceive my daughter.

"Yes," I admitted, "it certainly did. Mr. Colter gave me orders this morning, absolute and final. Charley is out of the service."

"Then he's gone?—away from Boze-

(Continued on Page 18.)

"Be Yees Hurt, Bye?" He Called; "an' Shure, I Hopes Not, for We Catched Two More of Thim Skunks."

More Chapters Showing the Methods and Life of the Pirates of Early Days

Wolves of the Sea

By Randall Parrish

I INSTANTLY recognized my gruff questioner as Bill Haines. "Been sojerin', have yer?" he continued. Well, now, d—n your eyes! lay to an' pull."

Before I could attempt an answer, a tall figure loomed up before us, the same high-pitched voice I had noticed previously calling out sharply:

"There, that's enough, men! Now make fast. We can head the old girl out from here in a jiffy, if it really begins to blow. Jose, you stand by at the wheel, in case you're needed; some of the rest ship the capstan bars, and remain near for a call."

Discipline on board must have been somewhat lax, or else Haines held some minor official position which gave him unusual privilege, for, while the others instantly separated to carry out these orders, he remained motionless, confronting the man I supposed to be the mulatto, LeVere. My own position was such I could not press past the two without attracting attention.

"What are ye swingin' the yards fer, enyhow?" asked the sailor insolently. "Just fer exercise?"

The other, who had already started to turn away, stopped, and took a step backward toward his questioner.

"Because I am a sailor, Haines," he replied angrily. "Anyhow it is none of your business; I was left in command here. Those clouds don't look good to me; there is going to be a blow before morning."

"Then it's yer intention ter work out'er this yere berth?"

"It's my intention to be ready, if it becomes necessary. There is no regular officer left aboard, but, just the same, I am not going to let this bark pile up on those rocks yonder. We'll hang on here for another half-hour, maybe, and then, if the long-boat don't show up, we'll work further off shore until daylight. That's sensible, isn't it?"

Haines growled something, inaudible to me, but evidently accepted as an assent, and LeVere, still in no good humor from the questioning, wheeled sharply about to go forward. This movement placed him face to face with me.

"What are you loafing here for?" he burst forth, no doubt glad to thus vent his anger on some one. "Who the h—l are you?"

"Joe Gates, sir," I answered quickly, mouthing the first name which came to my lips.

"Gates—Joe Gates?" peering savagely into my face, but unable to distinguish the features. "I never heard of anybody on board by that name. Who is the fellow, Haines?"

The Englishman gripped me by the sleeve to whirl me about, but as his fingers touched the soaked cloth of my jacket, he burst forth with an oath.

"By God! but he's wet enough to be the same lad you chucked overboard an hour ago. D—n me, I believe he is. Say, mate, are you the gay buck we hauled aboard drunk, and dumped inter the for'cassel?"

"I danno, sir," I answered dumbly, believing it best not to remember too much. "I couldn't even tell yer whut ship this is, ner how I signed on. Last I seem ter remember I wus ashore from the schooner Caroline; but this yere is a bark."

Haines laughed, already convinced of my identity, and considering it a good joke.

"Well, my buck, I'll tell yer whar yer are, an' likewise how yer got yere," he chuckled. "I wus one of a party frum this hooker ashore 'bout dusk, when yer hove in sight 'bout as drunk as a sailorman kin get. Fact is yer wus so soused yer stumbled inter the wrong boat, and went ter sleep. We're allers ready fer ter take on a new hand er two, so we just let yer lie thar, an' brought yer aboard. 'Bout an hour ago yer must a had a touch o' tremens, fer, all at onct yer cum chargin' out on deck, an' tried ter knife LeVerne, an' he flung yer overboard. We sorter figured thet yer went down, an' never cum up again."

LeVere broke in with a savage snarl.

"What's all that? Do you mean, Haines, that this is the same d—d scamp who tried to stick me?"

Before Even I Suspected What Was Coming, His Unexpected Action, as Swift as the Leap of a Poised Tiger, He Struck Me Fairly Between the Eyes With the Butt of a Pistol and I Went Down Sprawling on the Deck.

"No doubt of it. But he never knew what he was doin'—he wus crazy as a loon. There's nuthin' fer yer ter fuss over now. Tell us about it, Gates—the bath must have sobered yer up?"

I watched LeVere, but he remained motionless, a mere shadow.

"I suppose it must have been thet, sir," I confessed respectfully, "if things happened as you say they did. I haven't any memory o' trying ter slash nobody. Leastwise I seemed ter know whut I wus about when I cum up. I don't remember how I got ther; furst I know I wus slushin' 'round in the water, a-tryin' ter keep afloat. It wus so blame dark I cudn't see nuthing', but sumhow I got grip on a hawser, an' hung on till I got back 'nough strength ter clime on board. I knew this wa'n't my ship, so I just lay quiet awhile, figurin' out whar I wus."

"Yer English?"

"Born in Bristol, sir, but I wus workin' on the Caroline—she's a Colony schooner, in the fish trade."

"Sailor?"

"At sea since I wus 12. What's this yere bark—Dutch, ain't she?"

"Once upon a time; just now we are flying whatever flag cumes handy. We ain't got no prejudice in flags."

"Is thet a gun forrard, covered with taupalin?"

"Yes, an' yer might find another aft, if yer looked fer it. Mor'n thet, we know how ter use 'em. Now see here, Gates; thar's no reason why we should beat about the bush—fact is we're sea rovers."

"Sea rovers—pirates, sir?"

"Bah! what's a name! We take what we want; it's our trade, that's all. No worse than many another. The question is, are yer goin' ter take a chance 'long with us? It's the only life, lad—plenty of fun, the best of liquor and pretty girls, with a share in all the swag."

"What is the name of this bark?"

"The Namur—sailed out o' Rotterdam till we took her."

"Whut wus ye in when ye took her?"

"The Vengeance, a three-masted schooner, the fastest thing afloat. She's south in West India waters."

"Who's the captain?"

"Silva Sanchez."

"Gawd! Sanchez—not—not 'Black Sanchez?' "

"That's him; so yer've heerd o' 'Black Sanchez?' Well, we're sailin' 'long with him, all right, mate, an' yer ought ter know whut thet means fer a good man."

I hesitated, yet only long enough to leave the impression I sought to make on them both.

"Likely thar ain't no sailor but whut has heerd o' him," I said slowly. "Enyhow, I sure have. I can't say thet I have any special hankerin' after bein' a pirate, an' I never aimed ter be one; but, seein' as how I am yere on this bark, an' can't easy get away, it don't look like thar wus much choice, does it?"

LeVere appeared amused in his way, which was not a pleasant one.

"Oh, yes, friend, there is choice enough. Bill, here, had exactly the same choice when he first came—hey, Bill? Remem-

(Continued on Page 22.)

Here Is the Story Up to Date—Condensed for New Readers

Away back in our Colonial days, long before General Washington and his brave armies freed the thirteen Eastern States from British rule, in the days when human slavery was a world-wide institution and piracy and lawless doings were rampant on land and sea, the big full-rigged brig Romping Betsy of Plymouth sailed from England with a small group of passengers, a large amount of gold coin and two score of white men sentenced to penal servitude in America for participation in a rebellious affair in England known as the Monmouth uprising.

The prisoners, rough men mostly and of various nationalities, were doomed to be sold from the block in Virginia and Maryland, for work on tobacco plantations mostly, but half a dozen or more had succumbed during the long voyage across the Atlantic. Among the more intelligent of these convicted men was

GEOFFRY CARLYLE, of the Carlyles of Bucclough, prominent and titled persons, Geoffry's brother bequarreled with his family and become a rover of the seas, until he was finally known as Captain Carlyle, master mariner. Among the few passengers was

ROGER FAIRFAX, a wealthy Virginia planter, who had disposed of large shipments of tobacco in England and was returning with thousands of pounds in British gold. Accompanying him was his niece,

DOROTHY FAIRFAX, who had made the voyage over and back for pleasure and a brief sojourn in merry England. Also among the passengers was

LIEUTENANT SANCHEZ, a Spaniard apparently, quite a gay fellow, and very much in love with Dorothy if one could judge by his conduct. However, to Haley, one of the prisoners and an old sailor, the lieutenant, as he called himself, resembled very closely a notorious buccaneer known in South Atlantic waters as "Black Sanchez," one of the cruelest pirates that ever scuttled a ship.

On the voyage across the Atlantic Mr. Fairfax, at Dorothy's suggestion, had bargained with the captain of the ship for Carlyle's twenty years of servitude. This arrangement was pleasing, at least, to the young Englishman, now 26 years old.

While the Adele was tied up for the night at the Travers plantation, and Dorothy and her uncle were guests of the Travers, four men approached the wharf in a small boat. Carlyle dropped over the Adele's side to investigate. The men in the boat spoke some Spanish in their low conversation. Sanchez and one or two others greeted the four men as they stepped ashore in the darkness. At last the swaggering foreigner was unmasked. Evidently some midnight deviltry was under way.

Carlyle grappled with Sanchez. Their struggle was a desperate one. The Spaniard twice pricked Carlyle with a dagger; then losing his blade sank his teeth into Geoffrey's cheek. The latter gained the knife and drove it into the Spaniard's side. Sanchez fell back on the sand—unconscious. Carlyle, remembering his own companions were asleep on the deck of the Adele, climbed aboard, the dripping knife still in his hand. A furious battle was raging there. He leaped toward

COCHOSE, a giant negro, and plunged the blade into his shoulder. The black turned and pitched Carlyle overboard into the water. As he clung to the Adele's small dory he heard

ESTADA, one of the Spaniards, tell Cochose that their captain would "rather have had the fellow alive." Estada then ordered Cochose and his men to throw their lifeless victims into the bay.

Carlyle crawled into the dory and drifted with the current, finally going ashore near where the Namur was again at anchor. While pondering over the possible fate of Dorothy, her uncle and others in the Travers mansion, Geoffrey resolved to board the Namur, the mysterious Dutch bark, which he did by swimming. Being thoroly drenched, he figured that the Namur's crew would think he was simply one of their own men who had fallen overboard. This is just what happened.

LE VERE, acting as one of the ship's officers, had pitched into the sea a drunken sailor who had run amuck, brandishing a long knife, and as Carlyle was dragged aboard he was believed to be the drunken sailor, but that ill-fated individual had long since gone to Davy Jones' locker.

The story began in No. 1, the Ledger for Jan. 7. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

New Turns in a Story of Russia in the Last Days of the Czar

The Inner Circle

By Crittenden Marriott

CHAPTER VII.

THE Woman's Hotel of New York is sacred to the unattended woman. The clerks and the cooks are women; women wait on the tables; and women convey characteristically feminine trunks to virgin apartments. No man, attended or unattended, may spread his name upon its register, or settle himself within its sacrosanct precincts. Scarcely may he win permission to wait in a parlor while a feminine bellhop carries his card to the arcana above.

In this parlor Caruth awaited an answer to his call. Fearing that a card alone might meet denial, he had inscribed it with the words, "On most important business" before he sent it up.

He had the parlor to himself, and carefully he chose a position, partly screened by flowering plants, where he might hope to talk unheard and undisturbed by any one who might enter. What he had to say was none too pleasant, and he did not wish chance eavesdroppers.

At last she came.

She wore an evening dress of some glittering material, rich and black. Her clear-cut profile and delicately arched eyebrows reminded him of a cameo or an old French miniature. Her shoulders, rising from a corsage of black velvet, gleamed like tinted marble in the soft lights of the hall. It seemed incredible that she and the girl of a week before could be the same. He bowed in silence, dumbly staring.

He was recalled to himself by her voice. "Well, sir," she reminded him. "You sent word that you had something important to say to me?"

Caruth nodded. "Yes!" he said, blunderingly. "I have. Your letter has turned up. Wilkins' brother called on me today with a copy of it."

The girl grew so white that for a moment Caruth feared she was about to faint. Then her eyes flashed.

"His brother?" she repeated. "The one who wrote the letter?"

"No. Another brother. One who has been living in the West for years. A typical Westerner."

"How did it get into his hands?"

"I can only guess. Probably Wilkins really took your warning words to heart, for he scribbled a brief letter and mailed it, probably by the chute in the building. The postmark shows that the letter was collected about 3 a. m. that same morning. It went to Denver to the brother, whose name is Thomas. Thomas dropped everything and started East. He got here this morning and came to my rooms to see his brother. He had heard nothing of the fellow's death."

"And he showed you the letter?"

"Yes. He gave me a copy of it—with certain words cut out. I have brought it with me. But before I show it to you, I must—forgive me—I must be convinced of your rights in the matter."

"My rights?"

"Yes, your rights. It seems outrageous for me to question you; and yet—since that night I have been miserable. You—you came to my rooms seeking a letter. You warned Wilkins that the possession of the letter might be fatal to him. He did not heed you, and he was killed—within an hour. Wilkins was murdered and robbed, apparently in order to get the letter you wanted so much. Today I learn that this letter contains information, not about a political conspiracy as I had supposed, but about money—money! I was ready to shield you—even when I thought you or your accomplices had been guilty of murder—as long as your acts were political. But to kill for money—to waylay a man and murder him for gold—that goes beyond me!"

"And you believe I did that?"

Caruth flushed and paled again. "No! No!" he cried. "Not you. But your friends——"

"My friends are no more guilty than myself. Two of them were awaiting me, and I thought at first that they had killed your man. But they did not. I give you my word that they did not. Neither of them touched him! He was killed by some one else."

"By whom? By whom?"

"Ah, God! I wish I knew!" The woman's words were a soo. "Perhaps a chance garrotter! Perhaps—perhaps my enemies! I thought I had eluded them. I thought they were ignorant that I was here. But perhaps they knew that I came to the city that night. Perhaps they followed me. Perhaps they killed him. I do not know! But it was done by no friends of mine."

Carruth drew a long breath. "Thank God for that! But the money! The money! You threatened him with death unless he gave up the clew to it——"

"Stop!" The girl's interjection was swift. "Stop, Mr. Caruth! I did not threaten him. I warned him. I belong to a great organization that is urging a desperate warfare for the rights of millions of human beings. We fight as we can. Think for a moment! You have been free so long—you and your English forebears—that you take your freedom as a right. But it did not come as a right. All of it, all of it, was bought for you at a price. Every forward step was forced. Every grant from Magna Charta down was wrested from the king. Thousands upon thousands of unknown men died that you might live in peace and freedom, undespoiled. For a thousand years the path has been drenched in blood.

"What right have you—you to whom freedom came with your first breath; you who have never known tyranny; you who can freely assemble and criticise and change your rulers—what right have you to rebuke us who are just starting on the same bloody road your fathers trod for you. Granted that some excesses and outrages are perpetrated in the name of freedom; granted that some of us go too far and shock your moral sense. What of it? think you your ancestors of a thousand or even a hundred years ago were always calm and self-contained? Think you they perpetrated no crimes when they had the power?

"The world has grown thin-skinned with prevailing peace, and shrinks aghast at primitive Russians struggling for primitive freedom with what weapons they can grasp. You do not approve our methods! Do you approve the government's methods? For every innocent man whom the terrorists have slain, the Czar has slain a hundred and imprisoned a thousand. From the salt mines of the north, from the frozen steppes, from the purgatory of water-soaked dungeons, they cry to Heaven. That letter placed in our hands might have meant—may still mean—the end of all this. At least, it would hasten the day when all will end. We did not kill your valet. We do not know who did. But if we had, what is his life compared with the lives of millions?"

The girl's eyes flashed; her voice came rich and strong; like a Judith she stood.

"I do not understand," he muttered.

"You shall! Altho, when I tell you I place my life in your hands. I will tell you the story of the Steamer Orkney. Then you may judge."

THE girl paused to take breath. "In March, two years ago," she went on, "the steamship Orkney sailed from London for St. Petersburg with a million pounds sterling in gold on board. This gold, borrowed on the people's credit, was to be used in crushing the people. We determined to capture it, or, if that could not be done, at least to prevent its reaching Russia. It belonged to the people; the Czar should not use it to crush them.

"A warship had been sent to bring this gold, but at the last moment the bureaucrats discovered that we had gained over the men on board and that a mutiny was probable. Urgently as it needed the money, the Russian government dared not send it by that means. Nor did it dare to send it by rail. We had inspired a wholesome terror in the hearts of the ministers of the Czar.

"At last it hit on the idea of blackening the gold bars and shipping them as

What Was Told in Previous Installments

PROFESSOR SHISKIN, the great Russian physicist, had come to America twenty years ago, bringing with him a little daughter. He established his laboratories in New York City and all went well until the day came when professional courtesy compelled him to receive a mysterious visitor—a man direct from Moscow.

MAXIME GORLOFF, the caller, was from the House of Seven Feathers—red feathers—and he addressed the Professor as "Brother." The famous scientist was forced to admit that he was of the Brotherhood, or had been twenty years before, when he was known as Lladislas Metrovitch, and when charged with sedition he had escaped from prison and fled to America. His second wife had been an American, and their daughter, Olga, was their only child. Believing his wife had died, the Professor stole the child from the household of Grand Duke Ivan, who had openly admired little Alga's mother, whom in time he married, morganatically, after the Professor was reported dead.

OLGA SHISKIN, now a beautiful young woman, had brought in Gorloff's card when he called. Gorloff explained that the ship Orkney, sailing from London for St. Petersburg with five millions in gold consigned to the Russian government, gold borrowed on the people's credit, had sunk in the Gulf of Bothnia, leaving no survivor to tell its location. But

MARIE FITZHUGH, the Inner Circle's trusted agent, had arrived in New York and with her disclosures and the Professor's world-wide reputation as a finder of sunken treasure it was quite probable that the lost gold could be recovered and turned over to the Brotherhood. The Professor finally agreed to head the undertaking—was forced to do so, or suffer dire consequences.

ALSTON CARUTH, a wealthy New Yorker, with apartments in the Chimneystack Building, was surprised to receive a midnight visitor. This visitor was none other than Marie Fitzhugh, who was in quest of a letter, mailed in Stockholm, Sweden, to some one in New York, but in Caruth's care. When the letter was found to begin with "My dear Jim," and end with "Yours, Bill,"

JIM WILKINS, Caruth's valet, claimed it. The excited woman finally offered Wilkins two thousand dollars for the letter—unread by him—and he accepted her offer, receiving eighteen hundred dollars cash on the spot. But when she again examined the contents of the inner envelope she found nothing but blank paper. "He has gone with the hope of Russia in his hands!" cried the woman, in a despairing voice.

Caruth rushed down the half-lighted stairs to the lower floor, where the elevators were dark and silent. Miss Fitzhugh had followed him, but when he reached the lobby she was not with him, nor did she appear there later. Only

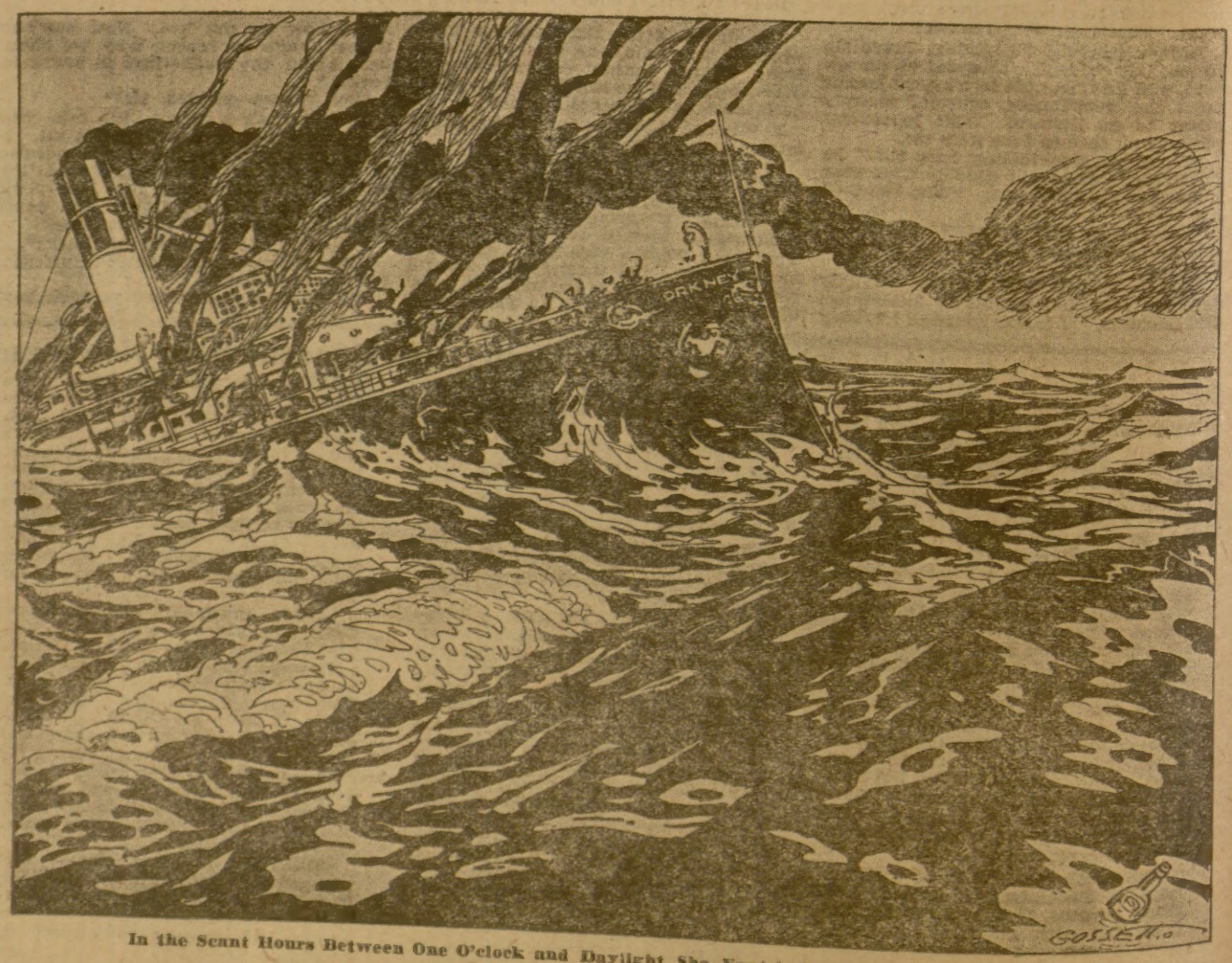
JACKSON, the watchman, was there, who wanted to know the cause of Caruth's excitement. He was told. The two men ascended to the third floor and discovered a human form lying on the landing of the iron fire-escape. It was Wilkins, dead and bleeding, and his pockets turned inside out. To shield Miss Fitzhugh, Caruth told the police that Wilkins had seized $1,800 in bills and fled from the room—in fact, had suddenly turned robber instead of faithful valet.

BRISTOW, ships-news reporter, in conversation with Caruth, recalled that he had observed Miss Fitzhugh when she disembarked from the Latourette, at 8 o'clock on the night that Wilkins was murdered. Being interested in Russian affairs he had trailed the woman to Caruth's apartments. However, it was not in his line of duty to solve or report murder mysteries. If the woman was implicated it was an affair for the police, not for him. Incidentally, Bristow declared he knew Professor Shiskin intimately.

The event that had driven Caruth to seek Bristow's aid was the appearance of

TOM WILKINS, a Western rancher, who claimed to be a brother of the slain valet. Tom had received a hastily written special-delivery letter from Jim, saying, "Come at once, millions in sight, but mighty dangerous." Bill Wilkins was a third brother, a sailor of the high seas, who expected to perish with the ill-fated Orkney after inclosing his last message to Jim in a bottle. Bill had tried to give the location of the sunken ship, and Jim was urged to get the gold, if he could. Tom Wilkins, a red-faced, rough-and-ready Westerner, wouldn't let Bill's letter out of his hands.

The story began in No. 2, the Ledger for Jan. 14. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.



In the Scant Hours Between One O'clock and Daylight She Vanished—Gold, Crew, Vessel and All.

big lead on an ordinary steamer to Kronstadt. A battalion of soldiers would go along, ostensibly as passengers. So swiftly was this decided on and carried out, we learned it only at the very last minute. Had it not been for a lucky chance, we should not have known it at all. But, as it happened, two of the soldiers were our men, and we managed to get orders to them to see that the gold should never reach its destination. If they could not throw it into our hands, they were to sink the vessel and prevent its reaching Russia.

"The Orkney sailed, going north thru the Irish Sea and around the north end of Scotland. The warship followed her out of the harbor and hung on her heels persistently, secretly convoying her. Moreover, Russian agents were watching all along the route. Our agents, so far as we could reach them, were also watching.

"Yet the Orkney disappeared. She passed Copenhagen and entered the Baltic. There on the first night, at 1 o'clock in the morning, when near the opening of the Gulf of Finland, less than three hundred miles from her destination, her lights went out. In vain the cruiser tried to find her; in vain the various observers strained their eyes. In the scant hours between 1 o'clock and daylight she vanished—gold, crew, vessel, all. Since then, tho Russia has sought incessantly, she has learned nothing as to her fate. We are certain of this.

"We ourselves know a little—a very little—more. A fishing boat saw her passing the Upsala Islands going north into the Gulf of Bothnia. The news came to us and not to the government.

"Except this, we knew nothing until two weeks ago. Then a friend sent us a bottle he had found floating in the Baltic. It contained a message from the dead. It told us how well our men had done their work. It said in brief that the writer and his friends had risen and attacked the officers. Bitter fighting had followed. The stokers, imprisoned below, kept the fires up and the ship moved slowly but steadily northward. A storm arose. Our men made a rush and gained control. But at the moment of victory one of the officers exploded some powder that was on board, and the ship began to sink. Nearly everybody was dead or dying by that time, and all that our agent could do was to drive the vessel ashore. Just before she sank he must have thrown overboard the bottle with his message. He had done his duty well and patriotically; his name will be honored when the Russian people come to their own.

"In one thing alone he failed. The part of his letter that told just where the Orkney sank was blotted out. We can infer only that she sank on the coast of Finland, the Russian side of the Gulf of Bothnia; that is, she is somewhere within a stretch of one hundred and fifty or at the most two hundred miles. She must have sunk intact without breaking up, for no wreckage has come ashore from her. Somewhere at the bottom of that water she is lying with her gold."

Miss Fitzhugh paused. Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks flushed. Thrilling as was her tale, Caruth came near not heeding it thru looking at her. The charm of the teller nearly effaced the interest of the tale.

After a while the girl went on.

"And now, Mr Caruth, you know all. I have put myself wholly in your hands. A word from you to the Russian authorities and I shall be an exile from my native land, proscribed, with a price on my head. If I go back and am caught, I shall rot in the dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul. I am not afraid. I faced the risk when I entered this work. I knew that sooner or later I must be caught; that permanent escape could come only from the advent of freedom before fate overtook me. I took the risk, and I will pay the penalty without whining if the need comes. But I wish to do something to aid my country before that time. Hitherto I have been able to do but little. I bear a great name. Fitzhugh is my mother's name—not my father's. I am reputed wealthy, but I have no real power over my money. My fortune is in the hands of a guardian who is loyal to the Czar, and who watches me narrowly. In his grip I am held powerless. I am only a woman. I cannot fight with my hands. I can only use my wits. You reproach me because I am contending for gold. Can you conceive what this gold will do for our cause? What a mighty lever it will be in our hands? For we are poor—poor! If I can put this money in the hands of the Brotherhood, I shall have done more than I ever hoped to do. Then let the bureaucrats lay me by the heels and I will laugh in their faces."

The girl's breath came fast between her parted lips. Her eyes shone starlike. "What will you do?" she demanded. "Will you betray me or aid me? Choose!"

"Choose?" Caruth's face glowed. "There is no choice," he cried. "I am wholly in your hands. Ask of me what you will: Money—risk—life—anything!"

Passionately he caught the girl in his arms and drew her toward him. For an instant he held her against his heart. Then with a strength of which he had not thought her capable, she tore herself free.

"For shame!" she gasped. "For shame!"

Caruth made no attempt to move. "Why for shame?" he questioned. "I love you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Miss Fitzhugh—Marie—will you be my wife?"

A curious expression came into the girl's face. "What!" she demanded incredulously. "You would marry me? Me! The woman who came to your room at midnight? The woman whom you suspected of murder? The adventuress who plots for gold? You would marry me?"

"You and none other. Is it so strange? Many men must have loved you! Every one who saw you must have loved you."

"But not under such circumstances as these. Mr. Caruth, all my life I shall be grateful to you. Your words will console me when my dark hour comes, as come it must for each of our Brotherhood. But I am pledged to a cause which I cannot desert. No, Mr. Caruth! Go back to your safe and harmless American life and forget me."

Caruth stretched out his hand and took hers. She did not resist, but her fingers lay cold in his, and she shook her head slowly, smiling wanly. "No," she breathed. "No."

Caruth's grasp did not slack. "Why

(Continued on Page 11.)

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS

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Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

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A Page for the Woman in the Home

YOUR SUNDAY MENU

BREAKFAST.

Baked Apples.
Cereal and Milk.
Bacon.
Molasses Corn Cake.
Coffee or Milk.

DINNER.

Lamb Chops.
Creamed Potatoes.
Spinach.
Pineapple Pie.

SUPPER.

Vegetable Soup.
Bread and Butter.
Canned Fruit. Devil's Food.

MOLASSES CORN CAKE.

2 cups yellow corn meal,
½ cup molasses,
½ cup sugar,
2 tablespoonfuls butter,
1 teaspoonful salt,
1 Cup sour milk,
1 cup sweet milk,
1 cup wheat flour,
1½ teaspoonfuls soda,
1 egg.

Mix the first seven ingredients in a double boiler and cook over hot water. Cook for about ten minutes after the mixture has become hot. After it has cooled add the wheat flour and soda, thoroly sifted together, and the egg well-beaten. Bake in a shallow tin.

DEVIL'S FOOD.

One cupful of brown sugar, one-naif cupful of butter, three yolks and one white of an egg, two and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and one-half cupful of sweet milk. In another dish put one cupful of brown sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of grated chocolate, one-half cupful of sweet milk. Warm to dissolve chocolate and sugar and then pour into the other mixture. Frost with white icing.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE.

½ cup grated pineapple,
2 tablespoons cornstarch,
2 tablespoons sugar,
2 eggs,
¼ teaspoon salt.
1 teaspoon lemon juice.
2 cups water.

Put the water into saucepan; when boiling add the cornstarch mixed with a little cold water, the yolks of eggs, sugar, salt, lemon juice and grated pineapple; boil fifteen minutes, pour in a baked crust, cover with meringue, and brown.

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

HAIL, people. I come into your home without so much as knocking. But you have again sat down for a bit of a chat with me and I thank you for your ever kindly welcome.

Since mentioning professors last week, I find there are so many unusual ones that I can never tell you about half of them in one talk; so I will pick out some unique ones this time and, if you have been interested, will tell you of some more at some future date.

We have all heard the "dry as dust professors," yet I have only met one such in all my college experience. The rest have been positive, vital, living personalities. One who I shall never forget was Marie Evelyn Townsend. I had gone to the old university especially to take a certain literary course under Marie Townsend, of whom two or three savants I knew had spoken in glowing terms. I was lost in the mazes of Cobb Hall trying to find Miss Townsend's class when the prettiest girl I ever saw passed me, and as she half-smiled and slowed her pace in a friendly fashion, I asked her if she knew where Miss Townsend's group was meeting.

"Yes—I'm going there, too," she answered in the richest of contralto voices and a bit of jollity in her soft, large eyes, and as she impulsively drew her arm thru mine and we started down the hall together, I caught the fragance of April pansies. To my amazement, when we reached the appointed room my young companion took the professional chair, or, rather, about a quarter of the chair, and we soon found she was Marie Townsend herself.

Her course scintillated with her personality. And she had a rare, soft, violet type of beauty with a bold, unshrinking spirit. A mere slip of a girl, she yet saw all the humanness behind the dust of the oldest writings and tales. She could read all the hopes, all the weaknesses, all the pitiful joys of the human heart in the oldest, most moth-eaten legend. She would unconsciously people the legend with herself and her dear ones. Thus, all the little, unwritten emotions and human reactions would spring out in the tale we were studying, and we learned to gather whole chapters from one brief sentence.

Quite the opposite of Marie Townsend was Prof. Ahngi Thaytah, Z. Ahngi Thaytah we called him. He was a born triangle I am sure for his entire existence was devoted to the triangle. He had already been teaching trigonometry for forty years! A wisp of a man with a pointed, gray beard, he demonstrated all the formulas with his body. He would bend over stiffly to make an angle out of himself, hands and feet on the floor. Then he would wheeze something about the cosine of the hand angle. It was all so ridiculous, no one could resist laughing, and he was either too polite or too absorbed to notice it. I shall never forget the time the newspaper reporter happened in at the moment of a demonstration. Poor little Prof. Z. Ahngi Thaytah was given a front page write-up as—insult supreme, not as a learned pedagogue or gifted scientist; no—but as "a trapeze performing trig. teacher."

THE HOUSEWIFE'S ECONOMY CALENDAR

DIVERSION AS A CURE

OLDER housewives have a way of forgetting the difficulties and problems of the first years of their housewifey experience. They have become accustomed to the work and planning, their children are older, they may be a little less precise in the way the work is done—and so they cannot see just why the younger women find the task of keeping house something to complain about.

Yet whenever young housewives get together you are pretty sure to find a few words of complaint or of discouragement. Girls who have worked before marriage find this household work irksome. They are used to doing work that required more mental concentration or offered greater mental diversion; the dishwashing, the endless dusting and brushing up—these are the things they find so trying.

There always seems to be one special phase of the work that causes all the discouragement. "I wouldn't mind the cleaning and the dishes and the baby—if I only knew that when meal time came I could sit down to a meal I hadn't had to cook."

"I wouldn't mind the cooking and the dishes, and the housework," says another, "if it weren't for the care and responsibility of the baby. If I only had a good nurse!" And another says: "It is the cleaning, the endless dusting and floor mopping and picking up, that bothers me."

What is the cure? There really doesn't have to be a cure, because experience makes the work easier, children grow up and with the years often comes an increase in income that makes outside help possible. But all sensible young housewives seem to agree that the thing that makes them forget their little problems, and makes them take new interest in their work, is the habit of getting out. So often it is the woman with three or four or five children who always manages to take time off for a sociable afternoon, and the woman with one child who stays home. Doubtless this is because the mother of three or four or five has discovered that the only way she can continue fit for her expansive task is to take time off often enough to keep her point of view from being warped.

Novel Jardiniere.

PURCHASE a large size bean pot in the shape of a flower pot with wide rim. Use a dark green glossy paint to cover it. When dry dip a small brush in washable gold paint and draw a pretty design around the rim and you have a handsome ornament for your fern or other flowers for little cost.

Emma Hanko on Foods

EAT GRAPES WHEN YOU CAN GET THEM

NATURE gives us the grape, in marvelous variety and abundance, thus revealing her infinite resources. We should all make the fullest possible use of this wonderful fruit, not only because it is so delicious, but because no food possesses greater health-giving properties.

The grape is a nourishing fruit, containing, in some varieties, as much as 20 per cent of sugar, but its mineral content is its greatest asset. To this we owe the beneficial effect which follows the use of grapes, a fact which is all the more marvelous when we understand that the mineral percentage of grapes is low, being less than 1 per cent. Those who think too much emphasis is being placed in these articles upon the mineral make-up of our foods need only to stop to consider the benefits to be derived from the use of grapes to realize that they are mistaken.

In some parts of Europe, people who suffer from certain liver and intestinal diseases are put upon the grape cure at this season of the year. Their sole diet for some weeks is grapes, and the best of results are attained. While this is special treatment and naturally not to be generally recommended, it is very certain that most of us would be benefited by a liberal use of this fruit. It is particularly to be recommended in cases of constipation, putrefaction, gout, obesity, some forms of kidney disease, and in liver troubles.

Wherever grapes are served a discussion as to whether the skins and seeds should or should not be eaten takes place. This depends upon the individual. Some people eat both and feel no ill effects; others cannot utilize so much roughage, and suffer as a consequence. Some people eat the skins without the seeds, and vice versa. Children and those whose digestive tracts are not robust should not be encouraged to eat the skins of grapes, and children should not be allowed to eat the seeds. When the skins are discarded they should first be well chewed; otherwise the valuable food which adheres to them is lost, and we do not get the full food of the grape.

Next Week: Emma Hanko on a Topic of Interest.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

ROSALIND

IT IS popular belief, not fact, that spreads the use of a name, and the only available explanation for Rosalind is that it was invented by Shakespeare especially for the lovely heroine of "As You Like It." There is no other record of its history. Rose, of course, as all know, and there is a Spanish word, "linda," which means "fair woman" and comes from the German "lind," signifying "lithe." So, etymologists have it, that Shakespeare, seeking a name for his lithe young masquerader, coined the graceful Rosalind.

Rose appeals first as Rohais, or Roesia, from the French and Latin of "hros," meaning fame. In England the first Rohais was the wife of Gilbert of Guant. Roese de Lucy was the name of the wife of Fulbert de Dover in the time of Henry II. The Normans carried it to Ireland, where Rose is a favorite among pleasants. In Sicily, Rosalia, known as the "darling of each heart and eye," dedicated herself to a hermit life in a mountain grotto and won a saintly reputation.

The name took the form of Rosalie in France. It was there that St. Dominic arranged a series of devotions by means of telling beads upon a string. These formed the rosarium, or rose garden, or, freely translated, delights of devotion. The Rosarium has a day to itself in the Roman calendar and may possibly have named the transatlantic saint, Rosa di Luina, which gave rise to Rosita. Switzerland calls her Rosel, and France Rosine or Rosette. In England she is Rosanne, sometimes Rosabella, meaning "beautiful rose." From Italy comes Rosina and Rosetta. A more rare, but no less charming interpretation, is Rosealba, signifying "white rose."

It is a curious fact that the color "rose" and the name are irrevocably associated. There are red roses and white roses and yellow roses in Nature, yet the real rose is the deep pink, and the bearer of the name or any of its derivatives should surround herself with these flowers if she would wish the psychic atmosphere which their quality insures. Her jewel is that rare beautiful gem, the flame-hearted ruby. It denotes pride and haughtiness and appoints Tuesday as the fortunate day for its wearer and 3 the lucky number.

The best poetic tribute to Rosalind is paid by Shakespeare thru the verses of "Orlanda":

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Thru all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lined,
Are but black to Rosalind.

"Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty,
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized."

Next Week: BEATRICE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2 and 24

The Inner Circle

(Continued From Page 9)

not?" he demanded. "This matter of the Orkney will not last forever. When it is over, you will have earned your freedom; you will have done a great work for your country. Then——"

The girl did not pretend to misunderstand him. "It cannot be," she murmured, and there was a world of sadness in her tones.

"Why not? Is it because you don't care for me?"

"No, not that!"

"Then——"

The girl flung up her arms. "Oh!" she cried. "Can't you understand? I shall never marry, or, if I do, it will be at the behest of the Brotherhood I shall marry some one who is helping to set Russia free. Perhaps—perhaps I may buy some part of her freedom with the only pawn I possess—myself. I am not free—I never will be free till Russia is."

Caruth drew a long breath. "You mean to sell yourself?" he questioned gently.

The girl flushed redly. "It is for the people," she pleaded.

"Then"—Caruth's voice rang out—"then sell yourself to me. I can take risks as well as another. I am rich, young, strong. All that I have is at your service. Let me help. Tell me what to do, and it shall be done. I'll drag this Orkney up from the sea. If you are for sale, let me bid! And if I pay the price—if I win back the gold from the sea—then let me claim my reward."

But the girl shook her head. "I will not!" she cried. "I was wrong to let you become involved in this. It is not fair."

Caruth laughed. "I'm the best judge of that!" he declared. "I'm going to help you, and that's all there is to it." Gently he raised the girl's hand to his lips. "There, it's all settled. I won't bother you about it any more till that gold is in our hands. Now sit down and tell me what you want me to do first."

"But——"

"There are no buts. What do you want to know about this Wilkins."

"Know about him? I must see him!"

Caruth hesitated. "He seems to be a very sharp fellow," he objected. "He asked some questions that worried me. If he knows that you are involved in the matter, he may become dangerous."

The girl threw out her hands. "Don't I know it?" she flamed. "But I've got to see him, nevertheless. How do I know that he is really your valet's brother? How do I know he is not an agent of the man who killed your valet? I must see and judge for myself. And I must see that letter—the whole of it. There is no other way. Somebody must do the bargaining. Can you find him?"

"Certainly. He is asleep in his brother's room at my apartment now."

"Then have him here tomorrow at 10."

CHAPTER VIII.

AT 10 o'clock the next morning Caruth and Wilkins were waiting in the parlor of the Women's Hotel. Caruth had told the plainsman little as to the object of their visit, saying merely that he wished to take him to see a lady who might be able to give him some information on the matter concerning which his brother had written, and the plainsman had gone willingly enough, without asking any questions, tho his small, furtive eyes had rested suspiciously for a moment on the younger man's face.

His coolness had lasted until Miss Fitzhugh came in. Before him, if he had felt out of place in the quiet splendors of the hotel he had not shown it. His face had kept as expressionless as a poker player's and he had seemed unconscious of his ill-fitting ready-made clothes and of his heavy, clattering boots. When the girl came in, however, he dropped his hat, stammered and gasped.

And yet Marie Fitzhugh was neither the magnificently vital woman of the night of the murder nor the resplendent creature that she had been when Caruth called the night before. Dressed entirely in black, high-throated, with her hair arranged with severe plainness, she looked years older and far more sedate.

She greeted Wilkins pleasantly and set about putting him at his ease. In this she quickly succeeded. Within ten minutes, Wilkins was telling her a story of his experiences as a sheep herder. "Yes, ma'am," he wound up. "Muttons are all right when they're served with mint sauce or when they've been cropped to furnish trouserings, but for steady company they're about on the level of a Boston tea party."

Mrs. Fitzhugh smiled sympathetically. "So when you got your brother's letter with its promise of millions, you were glad enough to hurry East," she suggested. "You wanted some of the fleshpots of Egypt."

Wilkins hesitated. "No'm," he answered uncertainly. "I ain't caring much about no foreign grub; chile con carne is good enough for me. But, of course, if there's any chance of strikin' a pocket and dredgin' a million or so out of that ship, I'd like to do it. And, of course, I'd like to do up the fellows that did for Jim."

Miss Fitzhugh stared at him questioningly: "There is a chance of doing it," she answered meaningly; "but it isn't as easy as you may suppose. You may have to fight for it."

Wilkins' right hand wandered back to his hip-pocket, reappearing with a huge revolver, while the other hand suddenly became possessed of a great knife. "I'm heeled," he responded grimly.

Miss Fitzhugh showed no surprise. Deliberately she took the revolver from the plainsman's hand and with practiced fingers twirled the cylinder and drew back the hammer, smiling at the man's warning exclamation. "I'm used to them," she explained.

She handed back the weapon and went on. "Your brother's ship was the Orkney, Mr. Wilkins. It sailed from Liverpool March 5, nearly two years ago, and was wrecked somewhere in the Baltic four days later. It had on board more than a million pounds sterling—nearly five million dollars. That money really belongs to me and my friends, tho it is claimed by others who have been moving heaven and earth to get it. Your brother, who wrote the letter, had no right to any part of it. Your brother who was murdered had no right to it. You have no right to it. But we are very generous to our friends. It is really impossible that you should get this gold yourself. You will have to call either on us or on our enemies to help you. If your letter proves valuable and enables us to get it—to get our money, mind—we will share it with you."

The plainsman's eyes narrowed, and his mouth changed to a straight slit above his chin. For the first time Caruth noticed his likeness to the dead man. This was business, and accordingly Wilkins promptly relegated sentiment to the background. "How big a share?" he demanded roughly.

"Well——" Miss Fitzhugh hesitated. "First let me explain," she went on at last. "The Orkney was wrecked in the Baltic Sea, about three thousand miles from here. We shall have to charter a steamer and seek for her. Your letter may or may not enable us to find her. If we do find her, we will have to send down divers and bring the gold up—not a very easy task, I imagine. The search will have to be made secretly, for our foes are watchful and able. We may have to fight to save both the gold and ourselves after or before we get it on board. The whole trip will cost money—a great deal of money. It will strain our resources to the utmost—and it may come to nothing in the end. We need the money—need it desperately. Now, considering all this, what do you think will be a fair share for your aid?"

Wilkins considered. His small eyes wandered from Miss Fitzhugh to Caruth and back again, but his impassive face gave no clew to the thoughts that were passing in his mind. The others believed that he was calculating how large a share he could demand. Long afterward they suspected that his ideas had been very different.

"Well," he declared, at last, "I don't mean no officiousness. Maybe you're givin' it to me straight. But I reckon the other side would have about as good a yarn to tell, and maybe it would have more money to pay with. I guess this money don't belong to either of you. If it did, you wouldn't be so durned mysterious about it. I reckon you're both out to steal it. But, h—l! that don't make no difference to me. I'll steal just as soon as any other hombre will, if he can steal enough to make it worth while and can get away with the goods. Now, let's talk straight. Who are your fellows, anyway?"

MISS FITZHUGH hesitated, but only for a moment. After all, it was better to tell this plain-spoken frontiersman what he wanted to know rather than to have him make inquiries that might perhaps come to the ears of the Russian government and lead to the betrayal of the whole plan. If he was a traitor or a spy, everything was lost anyhow. He could ruin everything by telling what he already knew in the right quarter; he could do no worse if he knew more. Perhaps he might be forced to hold his tongue by fear, altho this did not seem very probable. However, it was neck or nothing.

She leaned forward. "Did you ever hear of the Russian revolutionists, Mr. Wilkins?" she asked.

"Them fellows that are tryin' to knock the Czar into the middle of a puddle duckski? Sure! They're all right, if they'd only talk less like a seidlitz powder."

"I am a member of the inner circle of the Brotherhood. This gold belongs to us. It was borrowed on our credit by the Russian government. We tried to take it from them, and we succeeded, but lost it in the moment of success. We need it to help the cause of freedom—to get for our people the freedom that you have as a birthright. We are trying to get it back. Your letter may enable us to do so. Will you help us?"

Wilkins nodded. "I reckon so," he responded. "What'll they do to us if they catch us?"

"Do!" The girl laughed harshly. "I don't know. Shoot us, hang us, drown us, or jail us for life. Are you afraid?"

"No'm! But I always like to know what I'm goin' up against. Buckin' the Czar looks to me a good deal like going against a phony faro game. But, thunder! I always was willing to take a sporting chance. I'll go you for one-tenth of what we get. I guess that's fair."

Miss Fitzhugh nodded slowly. "That's a good deal," she remarked," considering that we take all the risks. But I accept. One-tenth of all we recover shall be yours. You shall go with us and help us to get it, and you shall have your share. Here's my hand on it."

Awkwardly the plainsman took the smooth, slim fingers which she stretched out to him. "It's a whack, ma'am," he said.

"It's a 'whack!' But, Mr. Wilkins, there is something more that I want to say, and I want you to understand that I say it not as a threat, but simply as a warning. I don't know how much you may know of our society, but it has representatives all over the world, and it does not tolerate traitors. No one who has ever betrayed it has lived long."

Wilkins laughed. He seemed neither offended nor worried by the girl's words. "Sure!" he answered cheerfully. "That's understood. No gang can hold together or be successful unless they does for anybody that splits on 'em. I ain't boastin' none of my whiteness, but you can count on me as long as you play fair yourselves. Now, what's the program?"

Miss Fitzhugh leaned back in her chair with an expression of relief on her face. "I believe you are truer than you say, Mr. Wilkins," she murmured. "I'm going to trust you. As to the program, I must consider. The first thing is to let me look at that letter."

"Sure!" Without hesitation, the plainsman handed over a folded sheet.

Miss Fitzhugh only glanced at it. "I mean the original," she explained, with a steely glint in her eyes.

But Wilkins shook his head. "Not any," he replied. "The original is safe, and I don't show it to no one yet. It tells where the Orkeny's sunk, all right, and I'll show it to you as soon as we get into

(Continued on Page 20.)

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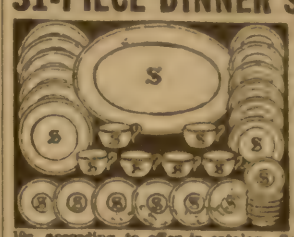

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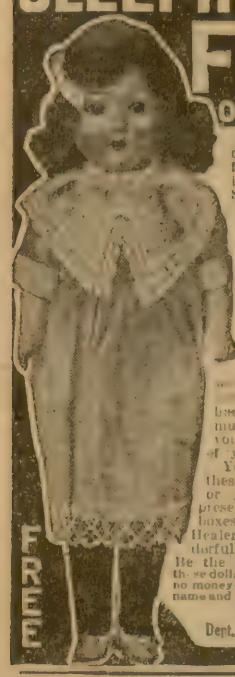

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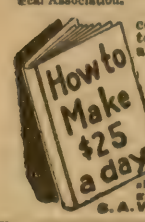

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The Resistance Kid

(Continued From Page 5)

quently a warped perspective, had built an impenetrable wall of animosity and narrowness.

CHAPTER V.

THE RESISTANCE.

TWO months after his arrival at the Hamberton home the Resistance Kid awakened to a horrifying and altogether unexpected fact. He was in love, hopelessly in love with Sylvia Hamberton. This state of affairs was made much worse by his positive belief that Sylvia loved him.

Could he, he repeatedly asked himself, bridge that yawning abyss between himself, a vowed enemy of society, and Sylvia Hamberton, the pampered daughter of wealth and aristocracy? What about his persecuted father, now dead because jealous justice had demanded pay? What about his own lost childhood? What about the mother who had died over a steaming washtub while such persons as Sylvia Hamberton basked blissfully on the downy couch of wealth? In short, was debit and credit to stand thus neglected and unbalanced merely because he loved Sylvia Hamberton?

The real Resistance Kid argued, pleaded, demanded that the debt against society be collected, that the account be settled. Plain Jimmie, for the first time in the throes of a new and strange and delightfully softening influence—love—contended persistently and tirelessly that the past should be wiped clean from the slate; that love should be given full sway, unhampered and unfettered by the creed of the Resistance Kid.

Crime Jimmie had studied diligently. Men he knew from his association with all classes. Life he had viewed, as he supposed, from every angle. The possibilities of defeat or victory in his lone game of resistance he had carefully considered. But women he knew not at all. Until he met Sylvia Hamberton women had been an insignificant cipher in his plans and calculations. Now, true to the irrevocable law of nature and mathematics, the one-time scorned cipher loomed large and formidable in his trial balance. It was there, the humble cipher, unexpected, heretofore unconsidered, a large factor that demanded its proper place in the scheme of things and mathematically insisted on staying there. Nevertheless, it was strangely, tho disconcertingly, welcome, that cipher.

What, then, must be done?· Jimmie lay awake nights to ponder this question. The clean-up at the Hamberton home was, of course, out of the question now. First, he must consider this Sylvia person. Did she really love him? That was the all-important question.

His very indifference to the opposite sex now came back at him like a piqued maiden. He was like the small boy who had not studied his lesson and stood before a critical class to stammer and flounder helplessly in his ignorance. He could not think clearly or plan astutely, how that sex in all its baffling phases confronted him. Hence, Jimmie tackled the problem in much the same manner that the small-town youth would consider his first hand in the game of hearts.

Aside from Sylvia's smiles, her ceaseless chatter while alone with him; aside from the fact that she had several times addressed him as Jimmie and not James; aside from all this, there were other and more subtle and convincing reasons on which he based his belief that she loved him. Had not he found several times on the dresser in his room a large bouquet of roses?

Who in the Hamberton household but Sylvia or her mother had the right to take roses from the conservatory? No one, not even the gardener. It was not like Mrs. Hamberton to do that. No, it was—it must have been—Sylvia.

Who would think to place a half dozen fine linen handkerchiefs on his pillow in his room, handkerchiefs with the word "Jimmie" neatly embroidered on the corner of each? Why, Sylvia, of course.

Who but Sylvia would, in a girlish fit of sentiment, send him a gaudy tinsled postcard with these words engraved upon it: "To him to whom I will some day tell a secret?" Silly? Yes—and crude. Not like Sylvia to do that. Yet the card came in the daily mail with the city postmark on it. It was unsigned, of course, and the address was in neatly printed capital letters instead of being written.

Other small gifts—a penknife, a nail clipper, fancy silk sox—mysteriously found their way into Jimmie's pocket or room. He could understand readily enough that Sylvia could not make an open avowal of love to him. That was a man's job. Yet Jimmie was being wooed, ardently, tho surreptitiously wooed by a woman. Not once did he doubt that the woman was Sylvia Hamberton.

And poor Victor Hamlin, with all his well-simulated indifference, with all his blase nonchalance, what chance had he with Sylvia? None whatever—the poor fish! Thus reasoned Jimmie.

Jimmie lounged in the seat of the Hamberton sedan in front of the Golden Pheasant Cafe and thought of these things. Sylvia was dining inside with the boob, Victor Hamlin.

It was almost midnight. After more than an hour devoted to careful thought the ex-convict sighed, yawned, then smiled. He had made a decision, a decision that put the Resistance Kid and the creed of that individual out of the running. There was only plain Jimmie Read to consider now. He had been a blind fool, he told himself. Why, if he had any gumption or brains he would have had an understanding with Sylvia before this.

Some more thought, then the compact plan:

"The girl is waiting for me to say something. That's jake; I'll say it. But not yet. One more little job, one that will net me enough to buy a little bungalow, then I'll, as the writer guys say, pop the question. Can't live in her mother's home, of course. Don't want to, anyhow. Want her all to my lonesome in a little bungalow. Her allowance will set me up in legitnmate business and I'll be, as Warden Dresden says, a Wanamaker or a Rockefeller. It's a cinch! Maybe I'll go in for detective work and, as Warden Dresden said again, place my moniker at the head of the list as the greatest dick in the land. Now, that's all jake. But the one job? H'm. Gotta pull one trick to get enough kale for the bungalow."

More ponderous meditation, and in the midst of it while he sat in deep concentration and stared at the toe of his brightly shined shoe, some one tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

Jimmie started slightly, but conquered the impulse to make a break for his hip pocket. He calmly turned his head to look into the amused eyes of Bill Delton.

"What's the idea," Jimmie rasped, "of tappin' a guy on the shoulder like that? Some guy'll kill you some day for that bit of carelessness, Bill."

Bill chuckled and looked cautiously up and down the street. Having satisfied himself that no policemen or detectives were loitering about, he edged closer to the car.

"How's tricks, kid?"

"All's jake with me, Bill," Jimmie answered. He was not at all pleased, however. "What you trying to do, get me in bad with the dicks? Harper has had a hound on my trail ever since I left the pen, and I don't want to be seen hobnobbing with lowbrow crooks; get me?"

"Lowbrow crooks!" Bill chuckled again. "There ain't no crook livin', kid, as can hurt your reputation. Gettin' mighty uppish with your chauffeur job and the swell wagons; ain't ye?" casting a cynical eye over the highly polished sedan. "Seen ye several times since ye left Mr. Dresden's hotel, but ain't never had a chance to speak to ye. When ye goin' to start housecleanin' up to the Hamberton domicile, kid?"

"There will be no housecleanin' while I'm there, Bill," Jimmie rasped irritably. "So just you lay off and beat it away from me. I'm thru with the crook game and I don't want to be seen talking to you. Beat it now!" Jimmie was getting nervous and angry.

"No housecleanin'!" Bill scoffed, in no hurry to leave. "Thru with the crook game! Tell that to Harper and his gang, kid. I wasn't born last night, you know. The Resistance Kid workin' as a chauffeur just so's he can ride around in nice cars! Pooh! Why, say——"

"Aw, cut it!" Jimmie snapped, throwing a nervous glance toward the cafe entrance. "Get it off your mind quick," he rasped. "Say what you've got to say and beat it. Hurry!"

"All I've got to say is this, kid," Bill began. "If you've got the guts to make some night trips with a light truck to a place twenty miles north of here, I'll guarantee you three hundred berries per trip. Gotta have a cool-headed guy like you who can drive a light truck about fifty miles an hour if necessary with no lights and over a rough road. You're the bird fer the job. Three hundred dollars for every trip you make."

"How many trips?" Jimmie asked, suddenly interested. "What's the cargo? Dope?"

"No; booze, Canadian booze. Sells at twenty dollars a quart here. As many trips as you want to make. I'm the boss of the ring."

"S-s-s-s-h! Here comes my boss! Meet me in alley rear of Hamberton garage 10 tomorrow morning. Beat it!"

PROMPTLY at 10 o'clock the following morning Jimmie sauntered thru the garden and peered cautiously over the low wall that separated the Hamberton grounds from the alley. He was not aware that little Anne Billings had followed him from the servants' quarters, hoping to maneuver an "accidental" meeting in the garden. Anne was likewise ignorant of the fact that Simpson, jealous and suspicious, had followed her and was now watching her from behind a hedge.

Bill Delton walked down the alley at a brisk pace and unconcernedly whistling "Lead, Kindly Light."

Jimmie stepped over to the gate, opened it and nodded. Bill promptly entered.

"This way," Jimmie whispered. "Follow me," and, keeping the trees and brush between him and the house, led his visitor toward the garage.

Anne, her suspicions aroused because of the furtive actions of Jimmie and the burly stranger, and knowing that they would pass near her and probably see her, flitted behind a small summer-house and from there into the rear entrance of the garage. It was not Anne's intention to eavesdrop. Far from it. She merely did not wish Jimmie to see her. The "accidental" meeting must be postponed until the stranger departed. The garage offered her, as she supposed, a means of escape.

The plot curdled considerably when a moment later Jimmie and his visitor entered the garage. Anne had not expected this. She was frightened now, knowing Jimmie's attitude toward the other servants. To make matters worse, she could not get out of the garage without being seen by the men. She must do something quick. Jimmie and the burly stranger were drawing nearer to her every second. There was only one hope for Anne—the large touring car. In three seconds she was crouched on the floor of the car between the front and rear seats. She quickly threw a laprobe over herself. It was a cramped and uncomfortable position for Anne, in spite of her littleness. But then Jimmie and the stranger would probably leave in a moment, she hoped.

Jimmie and his visitor did not leave. Instead, they clambered noiselessly into the front seat on the touring car, settled themselves comfortably and lit cigarettes.

Jimmie opened the conversation with, "Well, spill it. I must take the old lady to town at 10:30."

Bill spilled it, spilled it with circumlocution that exasperated Jimmie and prolonged Anne's breathless misery.

The maid endured it for five minutes. Something must be done. She was frightened half to death and almost suffocating under the heavy robe. Yet her slightest movement might attract the attention of the men in the front seat. They were not eighteen inches from her cruelly bent back.

Upon seeing Jimmie and Bill, Simpson had lost all interest in Anne for the moment. He did not see her enter the garage. Simpson wanted to know now who the suspicious-looking stranger with Jimmie was. Therefore, the butler furtively approached the garage.

Very, very carefully Anne raised one corner of the heavy robe. She must have a breath of fresh air. The rear door of the car was open and as the maid peered from under the robe her eyes rested on a small square window in the wall of the garage and not more than three feet from the car. Even as she slowly and carefully filled her lungs with air, a large lobeless ear and the sharp profile of Simpson appeared at the open window.

Anne was terrified. Simpson was Jimmie's mortal enemy. Jimmie and the big stranger were calmly discussing a proposed whisky-running venture—smuggled whisky. Simpson was getting an earful and Simpson had a large ear. Anne loved Jimmie. Whether or not Jimmie loved her was beside the question. She must warn him against Simpson. But Jimmie, Anne knew, had a terrible temper. She feared him even as she loved him more and more from day to day. What if he should suspect her of eavesdropping? She must wait.

Several minutes more the men in the front seat talked. Essentially, the midnight venture amounted to this:

Jimmie, at 11 o'clock that night, and on any other night when ordered by Bill to do so, was to leave the Hamberton home and go to a certain house in another section of the city, where he would be met by Bill Delton and another member of the booze ring. From there Jimmie was to drive a light truck, without lights, over a practically unused road, twenty miles to Sandstone Junction.

On the siding at Sandstone Junction would be found two gondolas loaded with scrapiron, shipped from a point in Canada. At certain spots in the gondolas,

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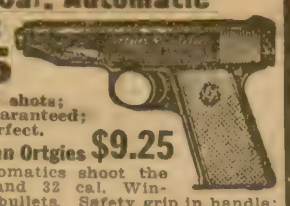

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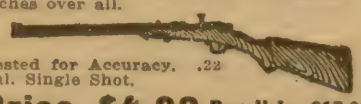

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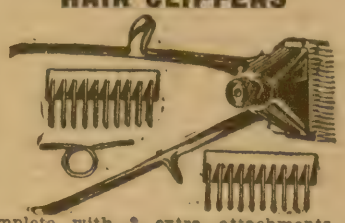

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and under the scrapiron, would be found cases of Canadian whisky. These cases must be transferred to the truck and taken to an abandoned house near the city, where they would be secreted in the cellar. Delton was to pay Jimmie three hundred dollars in cash when the liquor was safely locked in the cellar of the abandoned house. Jimmie was to leave the truck and the men at the abandoned house and return as he wished to the Hamberton home.

This much was overheard by Simpson. The location of the gang's meeting place in the suburbs of the city was given in such low tones that the butler could not hear it. Also, Simpson was as yet ignorant of the identity of Jimmie's visitor. But, Sandstone Junction between 11 and 12 o'clock, the gondolas on the siding, the scrapiron, the light truck and the cases of whisky was perfectly clear and all the information necessary.

Simpson exulted and listened while Anne suffered. He would very shortly have this James person safely behind prison bars. No longer would Simpson's life and pursuit of happiness be in jeopardy. No longer would little Anne Billings dare to rebuff him. Yes, Simpson got an earful and he would lose no time in passing it on to Chief of Police Harper. But first he must have a close look at the man with Jimmie. He must be prepared to identify the boss of the ring when the proper time came.

They are talking again.

"Now, can you get away any night without arousing suspicion?" Bill queried.

Jimmie hesitated a moment before answering. "The only danger here is that rat-faced butler, Simpson. Simpson hates me almost as much as I hate him. I'm afraid I'll have to kill Simpson some day. The poor fish has gone blooey over Miss Hamberton's maid, Anne Billings. He thinks I want this flapper, see? And he'll do anything he can to get me in bad. I'll have to watch this butler guy. He is in the habit of prowling around the house any old hour of the day or night and plastering his eye or ear to keyholes. I——"

"And you want the girl, eh?" Bill cut in.

If Bill had said "the maid" or "the jane," Jimmie would have understood. But "the girl" was misleading. Naturally, Jimmie supposed that Bill was alluding to Sylvia Hamberton. Which made all the difference in the world in his answer to Bill.

"We'll not discuss the girl," he rasped. "That subject hasn't anything to do with the booze business. If the job falls thru at this end, I'll know that Simpson got hep somehow and tipped it off to the bulls. In which case I'll kill Mr. Simpson before the bulls ever get me. Looking for a chance to kill that bird, anyhow."

Anne watched the profile at the window. As Jimmie talked the profile, and even the large lobeless ear, turned from a healthy red to a sickly gray, then abruptly disappeared.

Simpson did not wish to die. The very thought of death, or even violence, sickened him, stirred his craven soul to its very depths. Jimmie had said he would kill him if the job fell thru. Simpson believed that the Resistance Kid meant just exactly what he said. Therefore, Simpson reconsidered as he hastened, pale and shaken, into the house. He must not mention names to Chief of Police Harper. He must tell just enough over the phone to have the police on the ground at Sandstone Junction at the proper time. Above all things he must not disclose his own identity to the police. He must protect himself.

After a few more words Bill and Jimmie left the garage.

Anne crawled from beneath the robe, rose painfully and sank exhausted on the seat. A dozen emotions battled for supremacy in her mind and heart. Predominating, however, was the hope fired by Jimmie's words to Bill: "We'll not discuss the girl." These words could mean much, they could imply nothing. But Anne chose to believe that at last Jimmie was responding to the yearning she had for him since the night he whipped Simpson in the garden. She must warn Jimmie at once. She must, if necessary, throw modesty to the winds and in an avowal of love for the ex-convict, persuade him to give up the dangerous crook game. She wanted Jimmie regardless of what his past had been. Womanlike, she believed that her love would bring the real Jimmie to the surface to conquer the creed of the Resistance Kid. Then, quite suddenly, little Anne Billings threw herself face downward on the cushions and wept tempestuously.

Whether they were tears of sorrow, tears of hope, tears of joy or simply the reaction of the ordeal just endured by her she did not know. However, she suddenly remembered that Jimmie might be back any minute. Hastily she dabbed at her eyes with the back of her hand and left the garage.

CHAPTER VI.

SIMPSON stood pale and nervous in the library. In his hand was the telephone, but the receiver was still on the hook. Several times the butler summoned his courage and was on the point of calling police headquarters. But the words of the Resistance Kid rang in his ears. As often as he shoved back into his consciousness the threat of Jimmie, that he would kill him if the job fell thru, just so often did the ominous words come back to him.

Simpson had no desire to die, as much as he wanted Anne Billings all to himself, as much as he longed to see Jimmie safely behind prison bars. Therefore, the butler replaced the telephone on the pedestal, mopped the perspiration from his brow and sighed. He must wait; he must have time to think; he must protect himself.

Little Anne Billings watched from behind some heavy portiers. Naturally, she was somewhat relieved when Simpson concluded that caution was the better part of valor. She was, in fact, so relieved that she sighed audibly. Simpson's large and acute ears caught the sigh. He halted abruptly halfway across the room and looked furtively about. Many times had he caught a housemaid or some other servant spying on him. Ah! The heavy portiers moved ever so slightly. The shifty-eyed butler crouched like a great cat and advanced warily. But Anne was watching thru a tiny hole in the portier. She fled noiselessly and unobserved thru an open door into the drawing-room. Simpson sprang and gathered the portiers in a sweeping embrace. A muffled scream came from the bundle in his arms. Simpson, chuckling demoniacally, released his catch, and she, gasping and furious, disentangled herself from the portiers to stand before her captor. Sylvia! Sylvia, who had entered the room just a second following Anne's departure.

Simpson made several frantic attempts to explain. But Sylvia, spoiled and impulsive Sylvia, cut him off in short order, heaped refined anathema upon his slightly bald head, and pointed dramatically to the door.

"Go!"

Simpson went. That he was not discharged forthwith was a source of wonder to him.

During the day Anne watched the butler closely. That he would tell the police what he overheard in the garage she was certain. Also, she waited for an opportunity to warn Jimmie. The opportunity did not come, Jimmie having taken Mrs. Hamberton from a business trip to the city to the country home of one of the old lady's friends.

It was after 10 that evening that Mrs. Hamberton returned to her home. It was 10:30 when Simpson mastered his cowardice sufficiently to call police station. At that time Anne was working in Sylvia's boudoir.

Chief of Police Harper having long since gone home, Desk Officer Brian

(Continued on Page 16.)

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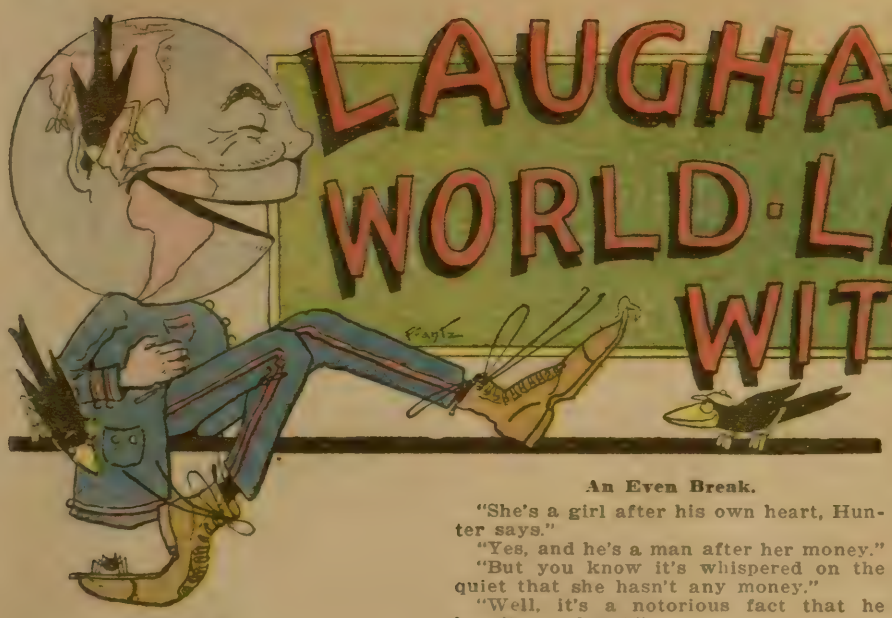


Proved His Point.

"Only fools are sure of anything," asserted the argumentative husband.

"Oh, I don't know about that, dear," reasoned his wife.

"Oh, don't you?" he retorted. "Well, I do. I'm absolutely sure of it."

And the little woman simply smiled and went on with her knitting.

An Even Break.

"She's a girl after his own heart, Hunter says."

"Yes, and he's a man after her money."

"But you know it's whispered on the quiet that she hasn't any money."

"Well, it's a notorious fact that he hasn't any heart."

Colored Foods.

Ohio Paper—"The table was beautifully decorated in yellow and white, which color scheme was also carried out in the refreshments served." Hardboiled eggs, carrots and squash pie. Possibly oranges and bananas.

JUST AS TERRIFYING

Frayed Phil—Talk about bravery, I ain't afraid of anything dat walks.
Dusty Dick—Neither am I, but dat ain't sayin' much—a cake of soap can't walk.

Recognizing the Inevitable.

"The landlord says we have to pay more rent."

"Did you give him an argument?"

"Certainly not. What's the use of wasting time in conversation that might be devoted to hustling for the needful cash?"

Stinging!

"I believe," shouted the very militant general, "in fighting an enemy with his own weapons! That's what I advocate."

"Tell me," came a meek voice from the end of the hall, "tell me, how long does it take you to sting a wasp?"

SOLID IVORY

IN THE GARAGE

"SHAKE a nimble dog, colored man, an' clean them cylinders."

"Who? Me? Take yo' ease, boy, take yo' ease. Th' week's got seven days jus' like it always had."

"I'll say it has; and, 'co'din' to you, they's all Sundays."

"How come they is? I'll testify I ain't seen you losin' no sleep 'roun' this garage. Clean yo' own cylinders, bo, they's full o' carbon."

"Y'all wanta give me plenty o' space hea'bouts this mo'nin', son; or else you' widder's goin' to laff out loud every time she sees a spanner like this-a one."

"On yo' way, mule face, on yo' way. I seen yo' wife th' other day and, y'all know what she says to me 'bout you? She says: 'Go's far as you've a mind to wif him; I'se jus' paid up the premium on his life insurance.'"

The Highbrow Jinx.

"Your performance was heartily praised by the critics."

"Yes," replied Stormington Barnes, gloomily. "They wrote such intellectual articles about it that I'm afraid a great many people will stay away from the show."

Reasonable.

A boarding-house keeper named Skinner
Was glad when his boarders got thinner.
He said: "Now I'm able
To seat more at table
At breakfast, at lunch and at dinner."

The Idea.

Mrs. Grubby—I've washed little Alfred's shirt, and now it's shrunk so as I can't get it on him.

Mrs. Tubby—Better wash little Alf; then it may fit.

A FALSE ALARM

THE prettiest waitress in a hotel had announced to the other girls her intention of captivating an eligible young man who daily sat at her table. She fluttered about him and asked sweetly one day: "Is there anything else you want?"

"Will you," said he, "let me have a k-k-k——"

(She blushed at this significant sound, and threw a glance of triumph at the other waitresses.)

"—a k-k-k-cup?" finished the young man.

The girl blushed deeper than ever at this, and the young man went on:

"I know why you're bl-b-blushing. You thought I was g-g-g-going to ask for a k-k-k-clean cup."

Some Yarn Spinner.

"Have you heard Spinem's latest fishing yarn?"

"No, I haven't," said Mr. Glumm, "and I don't want to hear it."

"Why not?"

"Because Spinem hasn't even speaking acquaintance with the truth. He couldn't describe a smallpox epidemic without making you think it was something you'd hate to miss!"

Useless for Political Purposes.

"You ought to introduce Senator Sportsworthy to Professor Diggs."

"Why?"

"The professor talks interestingly about prehistoric man."

"That subject would bore the Senator. He loses all interest in his fellow man as soon as he ceases to perform the functions of a voter."

One Shy.

Jones (on fishing trip)—Boys, the boat is sinking! Is there any one here who knows how to pray?

Smith (eagerly)—I do.

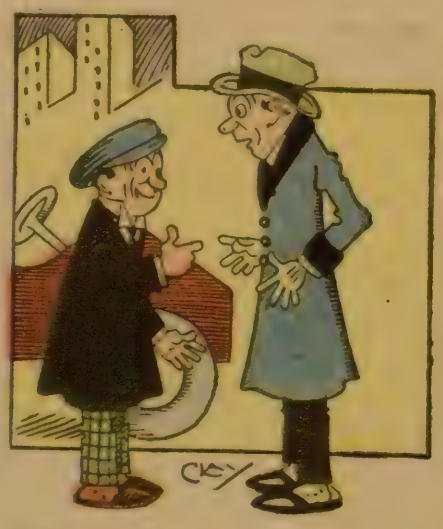
Jones—All right. You pray and the rest of us will put on lifebelts. They're one shy.

His Retort.

Mrs. Exe—What a change one little woman can make in a man's life.

Mr. Wye—Yes, and, by George, what a heap of change she requires while she's doing it!

Skyscrapers Should Help.



Mayor of Town—Our climate's bad. If we could get rid of these clouds our city would go ahead.

Visitor—Those skyscrapers ought to keep them clean at any rate.

Completed the Job.

A hard-hearted chauffeur from Maine
Ran over a chap in the raine.
Looking round he said, "Gracious!
Of life he's tenacious."
So he backed up and hit him againe.

Heavy Laugh.

"Do you know, there's only one practical joker mentioned in the Bible?"

"And who, pray tell, was he?"

"Why it was Sampson. His last joke brought down the house."

TIM AT THE DOOR

WHEN the D. Smythkinses got on in the world a little, Tim, their handy man, was promoted to a decayed dress suit and the title and emoluments of butler, says a London weekly. In this capacity he had been taken severely to task by Mrs. D. Smythkins, Sr., for allowing some visitors who inquired for her son's wife to go away without having announced the fact that she was at home.

"If this happens again, Tim, you must say, 'My mistress is out, but the dowager, Mrs. Smythkins, is within. Please step inside.'" she wound up. And Tim promised to obey.

Long words, however, were not his strong point, and when a few days later more visitors called, the word "dowager" refused to remain in his mind.

"My mistress is out, sir," he said, "but the—er—ah—the owld badger is within. Pray step inside. Sure, ye needn't look surprised. 'Tis what she towld me to say herself."

Likely Tale.

"Bobbie, how did you get so wet?"

"Fell in an air hole."

"Don't tell me such a tale, that's not air, it's water."

Watchful Waiting.

Pat had been very sick of the "flu" and on the first day after being confined to the house for six weeks he met his old friend Michael.

"Well, Pat," said Michael, sympathetically, "and have you been very bad with the 'flu'?"

"Shure, that I have, Michael," the invalid replied, "wasn't it meself that looked thru the death columns every day to see if me own name was there?"

A Holdup.

"What's all that row over at Jones' house?"

"Why, their little Willie has locked himself into the pantry with four mince pies, and says he's going to eat until he is so sick that they won't dare to spank him."

Had Better Speed Up.

"I could sit here and talk to you forever, Geraldine."

"I hear father stirring about upstairs, Augustus. You'd better cut the time down to five minutes."

A Wise Girl.

"And when we are married every morn I'll bring thee violets."

"You mean well, but I don't expect all that. Don't bring a grouch to the breakfast table—that is all I ask."

Test of Endurance.

A statesman now is offered such collations
That if he undertook each day to dine.
In answer to his numerous invitations.
He'd eat himself into a swift decline.

Heh! Heh!

First Traveler—I hear they aren't sending any more mail to Washington.

Second Traveler—How's that?

First Traveler—He's dead.

The Impressionist.

"Here's where I prove an artist
Without a brush," he cried,
And drew the lovely maiden
Up closer to his side.

Flo Supposes.

Mabel—Why do the reformers yell about our removing corsets at dances?

Flo—I suppose it's a matter of form.

Readers accustomed to solving the Ledger puzzles will find them on Page 25, under the heading "Something to Make Thinkers Think."

How I Earn $2.00 to $3.00 a Day At Home in Spare Time

A Pleasant, Profitable Occupation That Helps Us Make Both Ends Meet

By Mrs. Emile Vancoillie

NOW that I am actually earning from two to three dollars a day, right at home, *in my spare time*, our trials and troubles back in the Fall of 1919 seem like a dream—a nightmare that I am glad to forget.

But I can tell you there was nothing imaginary about those days, while we were struggling along trying to make both ends meet—and never quite succeeding.

My husband worked in a mill, and made good wages, but it seemed like he couldn't earn enough money to keep up with expenses. With our two little children to clothe and care for it seemed like we were always paying bills, or planning how we could lay aside the money to pay them.

Often my husband and I would talk things over, trying to find some way out of our troubles. I was eager to help, but I couldn't leave my home and children and go to work in a factory. I didn't know any sort of work that I could do at home, to make money. It began to look like there was no answer to our problem.

AND so things went along until one day late in December the expressman drove up to our house and left a wooden box, addressed to Mr. Vancoillie. That night when my husband came home from work I showed him the box and asked what was in it.

"Oh, we'll call it a Christmas present for you," he laughed, and began taking the boards off the top. Pretty soon he lifted out some sort of a machine and set it on the floor.

"What in the world do you call that?" I asked.

"It is an Auto Knitter," he replied, "a machine to knit wool socks. I heard about it and sent for some of their literature. It looked so good that I decided to try out their plan. So I sent for one of their machines to surprise you."

Now, it isn't like my husband to make wild, reckless decisions. But for the life of me I couldn't see the idea back of this purchase. I made up my mind that he sure had slipped up this time.

"A knitting machine!" I exclaimed. "Why, I never knit a sock in my life. I don't know the first thing about knitting."

"Of course you don't," replied that exasperating man of mine. "And you don't need to. See, we have an Instruction Book that tells just how to knit standard wool socks on the Auto Knitter. You can learn from this."

"But after the socks are knit—what then? What will we do with them?"

"Oh, that's the best part of it," my husband explained. "The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company agrees to buy every standard sock turned out on the machine. We simply bundle up the socks and send the package to them. They pay us a fixed price per dozen pairs. Also they send us yarn to take the place of that used in knitting the socks. So, you see, we always have yarn to knit more socks."

WELL, I must say I felt a lot better about the Auto Knitter after he explained it that way. If I *could* knit socks right at home, and sell them for real money, it sure would be fine. Why it was as good as going out and working for wages—and I could do the knitting in spare time without neglecting my children or household duties.

I do the knitting without neglecting my children or household duties."

Mrs. Vancoillie

But I still had my doubts about the Auto Knitter. I was afraid I would never learn to run it. However, when I read over the Instruction Book I found it wasn't nearly as hard as I had imagined. Then I sat down to the machine and began practicing. The machine was shipped with a piece of work already started on it, and that was a big help. It took a little time, of course, but in three days I had the machine working fine, and was making one sock after another.

Of course the neighbors soon learned about the Auto Knitter. I showed them samples of the socks, and they all wanted some right away, when they saw the fine work. So I began taking orders right away, and didn't have time, at first, to knit any for the company. I found there was a good sale for ladies' stockings, too, so I knit them as well as the socks.

ON March 12, 1920, I balanced up my little account book, and found that, after taking out the money to pay for the machine, I had a clear profit of $33.00—all earned in spare moments between my regular work.

I kept right on with my knitter during that Spring and Summer. When I didn't have any home trade I sent the standard socks in to the Auto Knitter people, and I always got good treatment from them. I could plan every time on getting a check from them by return mail. And they always sent along the replacement yarn, just like they agreed to do.

But the real test of the Auto Knitter came late in the Fall. From November to January the mill where my husband was employed was closed down a good part of the time, and he didn't have regular work. There was nothing else he could find to do in a mill town like this, so at last he turned to the Auto Knitter. "I'm going to see what I can do to make money at home," he said.

Well, we both worked at the little Auto Knitter, and kept it busy during those "lean" months. And as a result they proved to be "fat" months for us. We never had to worry about "no work at the mill," as so many others were doing. If we didn't have home orders, we kept right on knitting, because we knew we could sell every standard sock to the company.

DURING this dull period the Auto Knitter just about made the living for our family of four. We hardly had to touch our little savings account. I can't imagine how in the world we would have made out without the machine, and the checks that it brought us so regularly.

After my husband went back to work at the mill full time, I kept right on knitting in my spare moments. In February, 1921, I made $59.99, and in March, $64.30. All of this was for home trade. The socks were sold to friends and neighbors without a bit of trouble.

My trade has kept growing steadily, and now I count on making from $2.00 to $3.00 regularly every day, besides doing all my housework. And I have orders for from three to four weeks ahead. I can always knit a sock now in 10 to 12 minutes, and a lady's stocking in 15 minutes. The knitting is so easy and pleasant. It rests me from my housework. And I am making money every time I turn the handle of the Auto Knitter.

* * * * *

Make Money Right At Home Knitting Socks on the Auto Knitter

You have read here what Mrs. Vancoillie says about the Auto Knitter. There isn't a bit of guess-work in what she says. Here are actual facts, put on paper. The old problem of making both ends meet set the Vancoillies to thinking. Then came the Auto Knitter to help. And now, *in her spare time*, Mrs. Vancoillie is making from $2.00 to $3.00 a day. Just imagine $50.00 to $75.00 a month "extra" money!

We stand ready to make you the very same offer we made Mrs. Vancoillie. Our Home Work Plan is for you, too. You make standard wool socks in your own home in spare time, with the Auto Knitter. And we pay you for making them. That's the plan in a nutshell.

A Ready Market for Every Standard Sock

But, much as we like to receive shipments of standard socks from Auto Knitter owners, there is nothing at all in our Work Contract to *force* you to send your output to us. We agree to buy every standard sock sent in to us, the year around, and to pay a fixed price. We will also send replacement yarn for each lot of standard socks sent in. But you are at perfect liberty to sell these wool socks wherever you please. Local stores often are glad to get these fine wool socks, and pay good prices for them. It is very likely, too, that your friends and neighbors may want a supply.

The machine itself is thoroughly substantial. Many Auto Knitters have been operated for years with perfect satisfaction. The machine weighs about 20 pounds and may be clamped to any ordinary table. It makes a sock—top, body, heel and toe—without removing the work from the machine. And it's all done in a surprisingly short time.

Previous experience with machinery is not necessary. Nor do you need to know how to knit by hand. The Instruction Book makes everything plain. With the Auto Knitter you can learn to turn out standard wool socks that have all of the strength, warmth and quality of hand-knitted ones.

Write for Full Information About Our Home Work Plan

If you have been seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then take this chance to get the facts about the Auto Knitter. Will you spend just two minutes *now* to find out all about a new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right at home? You aren't obligating yourself at all when you sign and mail the coupon. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 361, 630-32 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 361, 630-32 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose two cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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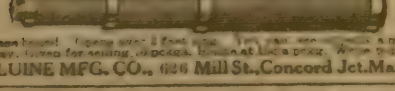

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The Resistance Kid.

(Continued From Page 13.)

O'Brien was the happy recipient of Simpson's information.

"Yeah!" said O'Brien into the transmitter, his Irish eyes snapping. "Yeah! . . . Sandstone Junction between 11 and 12 or later tonight . . . Yeah! . . . Light truck . . . Yeah! . . . Canadian booze under scrap iron in two gondolas . . . Yeah! . . . Three men? Who are they? Who are you? What——"

But the click of the receiver on the hook at the other end of the line was his only answer.

"H—l!" said Mr. O'Brien to the transmitter. Then: "Central! Central! Quick, Central! Where did that last call come from?"

"Just a moment, please," lisped the damsel at the switchboard.

O'Brien was about to say something like "moment be d—d!" to the cool goddess of the switchboard when two plainclothes men entered the station, half-dragging, half-carrying a blood-smeared and thoroly terrified Chinaman.

"Another tong war on, O'Brien!" one of the detectives gasped. "H—l to pay in Chinatown! Still going! This chink——"

"Central! Central!" O'Brien barked into the transmitter. "Find out where that last call came from for police headquarters. Jot it down and be ready to pass it to me when I ask for it. Understand?"

"Very well," came the unruffled answer from the calm maiden.

"Now, what's all the fuss?" O'Brien demanded, slamming the receiver on the hook and turning to the officers and their prisoners.

In the excitement that followed O'Brien forgot all about the girl at Central or the desired information regarding the mysterious phone call. He did, however, hurriedly detail two plainclothes men and dispatched them in a police car to Sandstone Junction. Then the force was busy for the next two hours in Chinatown, and O'Brien was too busy to worry about Sandstone Junction or Canadian whisky.

It is not unlikely that there is something more than a bit of excitement in store for the Resistance Kid and his two law-defying companions. There is apt to be some shooting at or near Sandstone Junction. If Jimmie isn't killed, he may have to kill a detective, and in such a case 'twill be good-by to the Hamberton valuables, to the dazzling Sylvia, and to joy rides in the smart little pea-green roadster. Don't miss part three, next week.

The Glimpse Thru the Window

(Continued From Page 4)

der you're not angrier than you are——"

He seized her hand, a beautiful one, that had been lying limply on the coverlet. "Won't you tell me why you brought me here? See, I'm not above reminding you that you ought to be grateful to me. I was willing to help you—willing to come here and pick a fight with a total stranger just to free you from him——"

Her expression softened. "I know—and you must believe me when I tell you I thank you from my heart. Svetitch had me bring you here, but I don't know why—this I swear. From the moment you arrived in New York he had you watched. Of course there's something behind it all . . . I was sincere when I said I wanted to give up my psychic work—and I really hoped you'd frighten Svetitch. I didn't know he was going to drug you. Heretofore, as far as I know, he has never resorted to downright villainy to gain money; but his treatment of you looks very suspicious. I must admit I've always been afraid of him—of his spell——"

"His spell?"

"He exercises a sort of uncanny spell over me—over everybody—really——"

Orme laughed derisively. "Can't your omnipotent spirit friends protect you from this 'spell'? But come, be good, help me get out of here——"

"I can't—yet; you're too weak to walk. I think Svetitch has been drugging you to keep you in a debilitated condition."

"But my mother—! She has been expecting me for two weeks——"

"Don't worry about her. I'll tell her you're safe——"

"You?"

"I'm holding a materializing seance tomorrow night and she will be here."

"What!" He half raised himself and stared at her.

Laurent smiled. "It isn't so incredible. Why shouldn't she come to my seances? Some of the most prominent people in New York are among my clients. Tonight several limousine loads are coming up."

A sarcastic comment came to his lips; but just then a dark, angular, copper-faced woman in a jeweled, red-silk headdress entered with a covered tray.

"Zarah has brought your breakfast," said Laurent.

"Zarah——?" repeated Orme, involuntarily, looking at the gliding, impassive creature.

"Zarah is my Egyptian nurse," Laurent explained, smiling up at the copperish face which seemed as inhuman as the sphinx's own. "My mother found her at Sofia and immediately annexed her as a jewel. She had been with me—and Svetitch—ever since."

Zarah put the tray on the stand. No stone effigy in a Pharaoh's temple, no mummy entombed in the Great Pyramid could have been more disdainful of such trifles as curious, wondering eyes.

"You may go, Zarah," said her mistress; and the Egyptian woman glided out.

"How many of your materialized spooks does she impersonate?" asked Orme, smiling.

Laurent smiled with him as she removed the napkins from the tray.

"Here is a perfectly delicious breakfast of biscuits—fried chicken—coffee—peaches with clotted cream. Surely you won't turn away from this tempting array?"

"No," said Orme appreciatively, "not in a thousand years."

V.

THAT night as the clock struck 9 Zarah, the Egyptian woman, was sitting alone with Orme. For some time he had been watching her closely. She had been nodding. At last she leaned back against her chair, asleep. This was the signal for Orme to rise stealthily from his bed. He was feeling much stronger than he had that morning and had rather recklessly decided to attend the seance Laurent was giving that night.

Now, where were his clothes?

He found them hanging in one of the two mirror wardrobes of the richly furnished room, quickly donned them without waking the sleeper, then half-staggered out into the empty hall. A stretch of tapestried space led to the head of a broad stairway. Orme, reaching it, heard a buzz of voices below. He descended to the landing and looked across the white-and-gold-columned hall he had entered on the night of his arrival. The sound of voices proceeded thru an archway to the right. Orme went on down the stairs. A maid came out from one of the rooms and he secreted himself behind a tapestry just in time. She disappeared. Orme did not leave his hiding-place.

Presently the sound of voices diminished and then died away completely. Orme went to the archway and peered in. The lights had been lowered. Softly, quickly, almost like Laurent's spirits that had so roused his ridicule, he slipped into the darkened room and, following the wall, put out his hand and was fortunate enough to touch another tapestry. He immediately stepped behind it and then gazed out.

His eyes, now more used to the gloom, discerned a company of thirty or forty persons seated in chairs placed in rows. Suddenly the lights came on again in full glare. A man was standing on a slightly raised platform at the far end of the room, the same dark-faced, pompadoured giant who had picked the quarrel with Orme two weeks ago—Svetitch. The people he faced sat perfectly still—breathless. From his covert Orme could see them easily. He recognized many persons prominent in the most exclusive circles of New York society—multi-millionaires and their wives. The ladies were gowned most elaborately and were ablaze with jewels. "The spirits evidently like show," thought Orme with grim amusement.

But Svetitch was speaking.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I forget very much to say that some of you maybe are not here before and so you know not the few things you should know about Mademoiselle Laurent Starr, who is greatest medium on earth, the only one, ladies and gentlemen, who require no cabinet and do everything before you in semi-light which grow brighter as seance goes on. Mademoiselle Laurent Starr, who is also youngest materializing medium in world, she is also open for engagements to give seances at homes of ladies and gentlemen for plenty money. It is shock to mademoiselle's nervous system something terrible, and if great musicians charge four and five thousand dollars a performance, her seances are worth more. Any one who wish private seance at own home see me after awhile. One thing more, Mademoiselle Starr only medium on earth who bring back all your dead relatives at one and same time. She exemplify Law of Spirit. This is how—your own friends come to you—nobody else; nobody see any but his own—and all at same time. What other medium on earth do this? I challenge world! Now one thing remember—keep mind concentrated on spirits you want to come, or none come at all—just clouds, no faces, no forms. Now ready! Concentrate!"

At the end of Svetitch's speech the cerise velvet draperies behind the raised platform parted and Laurent came out, bowed, smiled, and seated herself on a small gilt chair. She was dressed in a modish white satin gown, trimmed with jeweled lilies of the valley, and was a picture of ravishing loveliness. Orme, behind the tapestry, gazed at her spellbound.

Suddenly the lights went out and the room was plunged into total darkness. Orme thrust his head out from behind the tapestry the more to apprehend what was going on. There was a sound of music, a phonograph record, Orme judged, of a 'cellist playing some low, sad, minor Slavic melody. Orme, for the curiosity of the thing, concentrated his mind on his dead father.

What was this?

The tapestry dissolved, faded; the darkened room with the seated company disappeared; as in a mist the glowering Svetitch and the lovely Laurent floated away; and then in an unearthly white light there suddenly stood before Philip Orme, quite as he had looked on earth, smiling, holding out his hand—

His father!

VI.

HOW long did Orme Sr. stand there in that white light?

What did he say? Was it about Philip himself, his mother, his brother Willie, his foster-brother Stuyvesant?

Philip did not know; he could not remember. He would have sworn his father talked—and that he had said a hundred things of vast importance; but when the spirit form disappeared, faded into that bright mist which seemed its essence, all memory of his discourse went with him.

Before the lights came on again Philip felt the cold muzzle of a pistol against his temple, and a voice of concentrated intensity said:

"You come with me. If you make sound I kill you like dog."

He followed the speaker out into the brilliantly lighted hall. It was the Egyptian woman Zarah. She marched him upstairs into his room.

"You are sick," she said, "you are also great fool. If Svetitch know you do this he show no mercy. Back to bed."

Orme did not argue the question. He was undressed and asleep in a few minutes—that bright unearthly figure haunting his dreams.

The next morning he frankly told Laurent what he had done. She was looking irresistible in a Persian silk breakfast gown of arabesque pattern overtoned with lavender.

"It's beautiful and marvelously becoming," he said quite involuntarily, "that frock——"

"Yes," she answered, running her fingers over it. "Svetitch picked it up in one of the bazaars at Hamadan. I love Persian things."

Their eyes met.

"You're strangely alluring," he murmured, dallying over his grapefruit. "Why don't you give up this impossible life—Svetitch—your spooks?"

"My spooks——?" Her gay laughter rang. "So, after your experience of last night you still say I'm a fraud?"

"I don't say that," he answered gravely. "I don't know what to say."

"Think—that's all I ask. My methods are the opposite of fraudulent mediums. I have no cabinet, no assistants, no apparatus."

"But you require darkness—and darkness is the mother of fraud."

She smiled. "Did you see any of your spirit friends last night?"

He frowned. "I imagined I saw my father."

"Really? Imagined! Well, Mrs. Van Antwerp Doon saw her dead husband; Mr. Hollingwood Craven saw his dead wife; Mrs. Pierrepont Guilbert saw her dead son; and Mr. Atwood Jerrems saw a dear friend who died twenty years ago. Now these four persons are typical of the forty who were present at my seance last night. Do you think they all simply imagined what they saw?"

"They're not scientific investigators," persisted Orme. "They might easily become the prey of collective delusions."

"But the 'delusions' weren't collective!" she cried. "Each person present saw different spirits."

He was silent.

"I admit I'm astounded," he said at last, "and I admit you're not a fraud—that is, a conscious one. I think you're self-deluded, just as all the rest of us were."

"But how?"

"I don't know. There are a thousand mysteries in everyday life that nobody can explain."

Zarah came in and took out the break-

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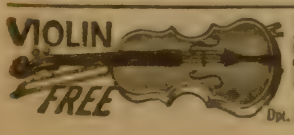

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fast things. Laurent rose to follow her.

"Wait," he begged, "please."

She sank into her chair, her profile clear-cut against the misty light of the morning. Her small, lilylike hand hung listlessly near the bed. Orme took it gently and entwined her fingers in his. She tried to draw it away—once; then remained passive.

"You're tired of your glittering, heartless life—surely?" he asked.

She nodded and turned farther from him.

"You'll let me help you get away?"

"I'm afraid. Svetitch would kill you. He is a terrible man."

"He has some hold on you?"

"Only the hold of his almost superhuman power."

Orme studied. "You believe I'd do anything to help you?"

"Yes—anything."

His fingers pressed hers. "Will you answer me just one question? What has happened to me since that first night?"

"I don't know. Svetitch has kept me wholly in the dark, as I've already told you."

"You haven't been with me every day, then?"

"No; there were some days I didn't see you at all." Once or twice Svetitch had me motored to New York for what I thought at the time were rather suspicious reasons. I fancied he was trying to get rid of me."

"Something unusual was happening here at the house which he didn't want you to see?"

"Exactly."

The sun, a molten ball in the fog, was shedding its amber rays full upon her, lighting her with a degree of unreality and fantasy.

Precipitately he told her of his love. She colored delicately.

Slowly he raised himself to his elbow. "Adorable girl," he said, "I'm going to get you out of this. Meanwhile I'm asking one favor. Help me leave here—today."

VII.

IT WAS easy enough to do. That evening at dusk Laurent manipulated the movements of the servants on the lower floor so there would be clear sailing; and Orme left the house by a side stairway to find her cabriolet ready and waiting for him to dash away. He immediately motored to his mother's, and, hurrying unannounced to her boudoir, clasped her in his arms.

"But, my dear boy," she wept, "where have you been these two dreadful weeks? I've had the most racking fears for your safety."

His excuse was a simple and plausible one. He did not mention his enforced stay at Svetitch's. They had an affecting half hour's talk about the illness and death of Philip's father. Mrs. Orme did not advert to the seance she was to attend; and as for the letter which Stuyvesant had shown her, the thought of it did not enter her mind. She was already convinced that Stuyvesant had forged Philip's name to it.

Stuyvesant came in and greeted Philip with rather overdone warmth. Willie, the "kid brother," was overjoyed to see "Big Phil," as he called him, and climbed all over him in his boyish delight. Philip, explaining to his mother that urgent business required his presence in New York, cut short his visit, promising to return on the morrow to remain with her until the family went up to their lodge in the Maine woods for the summer.

He motored at breakneck speed to the city, drove immediately to his hotel, put himself in the hands of his valet, and then, freshened and refurbished, called on half a dozen of the persons who had attended Laurent's seance the night before, society people whom he knew intimately.

This was the first question he put to each: "Do you think any of your dead friends came back to you thru the mediumship of Miss Starr?"

And this was the answer in every case: "I not only think they did—I know."

The second question: "How many returned?"

The answer: "Many—all that I had in mind."

After these replies, given with such singular unanimity, Orme had to confess himself more or less nonplussed. But he still scouted the spiritistic hypothesis. He vaguely felt that the science of abnormal psychology might explain this apparently miraculous phenomenon, and he lamented his lack of knowledge of the subject.

He decided he must attend another of Laurent's seances. But how? They were invitation affairs exclusively—and, besides, Svetitch would recognize him. An idea came to him. One of the attendants at last night's seance, Tom Harrington, young society man and amateur automobile racer, who was inconsolable over the recent death of his wife, was Orme's good friend; and he might be induced to take him along as his guest. Tom consented with gusto. He was an enthusiastic convert to spiritism and was delighted at the prospect of making one of Orme.

"I don't wonder you're interested, old fellow," he said. "It hasn't been so very long since you lost your father—and say, wouldn't it be great to see and talk with him face to face?"

Orme went to an optician, a wigmaker, a clothier, and a facial specialist; then, metamorphosed into a prosperous-looking middle-aged business man wearing horn-rimmed goggles, as Mr. Richard Jones, whose wife had lately been drowned at sea, he accompanied his friend Harrington to The Lilacs that night at 9 o'clock and attended the seance.

Everything went off as on the evening before, except that Svetitch's opening speech was much shorter. Orme's mother and foster-brother were present and at the conclusion of the seance Mrs. Orme wept unrestrainedly, clasping Laurent in her arms and declaring she had talked with her dead husband. Nobody recognized Philip. Incidentally he tried a rather interesting experiment. Instead of concentrating his mind on his father he fixed his thoughts on his living brother Willie—and the image of the boy, miraculous to relate, appeared in the same cloud of glory that had enveloped his father on the preceding night. This phenomenon raised a curious question. Could phantasms of the living appear with the same facility as phantasms of the dead? At any rate, the experiment served to convince Orme that all the so-called spiritualistic manifestations lay wholly within the realm of abnormal psychology. Laurent's mediumship was a myth; and the "spirits" were simply images of the dead existing in the minds of the sitters and externalized subjectively.

But how did Svetitch accomplish the apparently impossible feat of evoking these images at will? That was the mystery. As for Laurent, Orme was certain that she was as deluded as any of her followers. Svetitch, the master of spells, found her more or less indispensable to his success mainly on account of her rare beauty. That in itself was a decided attraction; and with her alleged psychic powers it formed an irresistible combination.

Orme, in his impetuous way, had really fallen madly in love with Laurent, was desperately eager to rescue her from the baleful influence of Svetitch; and in the still watches of the night he evolved a unique idea.

The morning after the second seance was unusually foggy, and at an early hour he motored up to The Lilacs, left his machine some distance from the house and then haunted the grounds until he descried Laurent at her window and beckoned her to come down. In a few moments she joined him, and under cover of the friendly mist they hurried off to a strip of deep woods overlooking the river.

"You must leave Svetitch!" cried Orme, kissing her. "This life will kill you."

Her answer was characteristic. "I know—but I'm afraid. I'm an instrument in the hands of the spirit world and I dare not give up my work—yet. It's a terrible strain on me—but think of the comfort I'm bringing to countless people. Your mother, for instance, assured me last night she'll never grieve over the death of your father again. Now she realizes he is constantly by her side."

Orme shook his head sadly. "Laurent, you're laboring under a gigantic delusion. You haven't any more psychic powers than I. Svetitch is responsible

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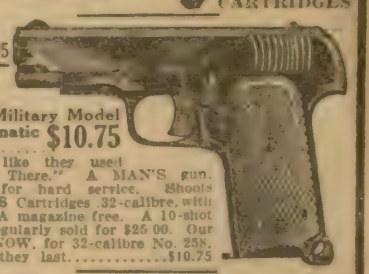

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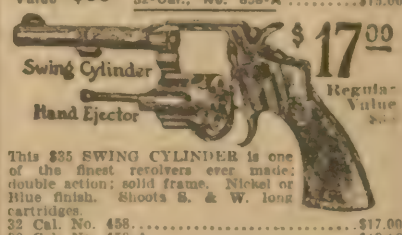

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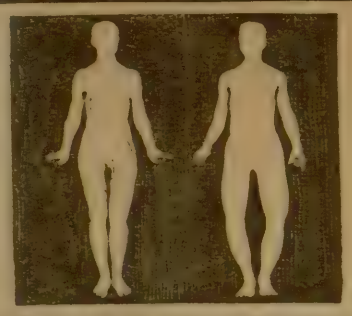

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"Svetitch! Impossible!"

"I can prove it," he said. Then he told her his plan that he had thought up in the night. "You'll do it?" he asked. "You'll at least make the experiment?"

She consented—tho skeptically, reluctantly. Then they strolled along the cliffs, discussing the details of his plan.

The conclusion of this two-part story will appear in the Ledger next week. It will be replete with big, thrilling scenes in which not only the big Bulgarian, but the scheming Stuyvesant will figure conspicuously. Philip and Laurent will probably find that rascally pair are no mean foes. Don't fail to read the concluding chapters.

A BUM AT BLINDMAN

(Continued From Page 6)

man?" she queried, in a whisper.

"Yes, Charley is gone, and I don't know where. I gave him a little money, and some good advice, and your husband struck out for new pastures. He asked me, Molly, to kiss you good-by, and to tell you that he's either going to make good or die trying. We can do nothing more, daughter—only hope."

"Poor, poor Charley!" Molly cried, and her voice was a moan, and her brown eyes filled to the brim with hot and bitter tears. And suddenly she grew weak and she fell over into my arms and buried her face against my shoulder. "He's gone!" she sobbed, "Charley is gone—my husband, and my man! And I love him—I love him!"

But I hurried her into the house, away from the curious eyes of the street.

* * * * * * *

SPRING opened up with a rush. The trackmen's work was more than usually heavy. I think it must have been more than three weeks before I saw my friend the road-master again. Then he dropped into my office one afternoon for a bit of a chat.

"How's Blind Man Gap behaving this spring, Tim?" I asked. "The frost has come out so quickly I've an idea you must have been having trouble out there with those sliding bowlders?"

"Oh, everything is about as usual along that line," Tim answered, "but there seems to be a new variety of trouble loose out there in those hills. Old Dad Swenson has been watching out there for ten years, but he got scared out cold and beat it home to Sweden. He just wouldn't stay; that was all there was to it."

"What the dickens frightened Ole?" I asked curiously, "nobody lives out in that God-forsaken country except wild cats."

"Well, it wasn't wild cats," Tim averred, "I can swear to that. It takes more than wild cats to break padlocks and steal tools and grub and to shoot out your lamp at night."

"I'm not an authority," I grunted, "but I should imagine that it does. But what's the answer, Tim; know any reason why that old man should have been assaulted and robbed?"

"No, I don't," Tim answered candidly, "unless it may have been that he was keeping too good watch along that bad piece of track to suit somebody—name and address unknown. I'm not overly keen on mysteries out in that neck of the woods, Larry; there are too many loose stones up on that side hill, too many curves in the track, and too big a drop down to the bed of Blind Man Creek."

"You're right, absolutely," I agreed, "Blind Man Gap is no place to take chances on a wreck. Think we had better send out a second man to patrol the place nights?"

Tim shook his head. "No, not just yet, anyhow. The new man I hired looks a lively sort, and I'm figuring on keeping a close tab on things down there myself."

"All right," I said, "you're the doctor. But don't put too much trust in a brand-new man. What's his name, anyhow?"

"Tom Jones," said Tim shortly.

"Hum, not a very exclusive handle, at that.

"No," said Tim, it isn't; but he's bigger than his name."

And that ended our conversation regarding Blind Man Gap for that day.

More than two weeks went by before I saw Tim again. He came in, sat down, and waited until my stenographer had finished with her notes. Then he gave me the high sign that he wanted to see me alone, and I sent the girl away on other work.

"Well, Tim," when we were alone, "how's that mystery out at Blind Man, still alive and in the ring?"

"It is that," Tim answered soberly, "and getting healthier every day. I came in to tell you that I've sent the second man out there so that Tom Jones could get away into the hills for a few hours each day."

"What for," I demanded sarcastically, "fishing?"

Tim grinned. "No," he said succinctly—hunting—hunting skunks. Tom seems to think there's a pack of them living aut there in those wild hills back of Blind Man, and I gave him leave to take time off and look them up. I staked him to an outfit for prospecting, including two nice, new automatic pistols. He's to keep in touch with me thru the operator at Ozada, and if he has any luck I've agreed to go out and help him stretch the hides."

"Are you figuring on quitting the railroad to go into the skunk business?" I sniffed.

"Oh, no," and this time Tim chuckled out loud, "this is just a side line, but it promises to be a darn interesting job."

"Look at here, Tim," I blustered, "you're holding back on me; what's in the wind down there, anyhow?"

But Tim would tell me no more.

"Honestly, Larry," he protested, "I can't tell you; we don't really know a thing. But I told you last time I was here in your office that Tom Jones was a live wire. And now Tom thinks he has spotted some kind of devilment brewing down there in those hills, and I'm simply backing his hand. If he's right, and mind you I'm not saying that he is or isn't, just as soon as I know anything I'll be right here, and don't you forget it. Good-by until then."

It would have been better for my peace of mind if Tim had told me all that he knew, and all that he suspected. I hate mysteries, half-told, vaguely hinted things that arouse your imagination and stir your curiosity without making any decent returns. I lost far more time thru the next week wondering and guessing than I would have done if Tim had told me the whole story. Wondering and worrying all takes time, and that didn't improve my disposition any, for we were almost swamped with traffic and time was really valuable. Tim had disappeared, or I would have taken him by the ear and jarred his story out of him.

To cap it all, on top of the peak load of freight of all descriptions that we were handling, came official notification from our general freight agent in Chicago that he had secured the handling of several shiploads of silk. This meant two, and possibly three trainloads, immensely valuable, that must be sandwiched in whenever they hit our lines and handled with utmost speed and absolute safety. I knew as well as the next man how long and strenuous had been the work of our general freight department to get a chance to handle these silk shipments, and I made up my mind that as far as our division was concerned we would handle them on the dot or bust something in the attempt. To be frank, it was not at all conducive to peace of mind to have those unsolved mysteries at Blind Man still in the offing. My imagination ran riot, and my other work suffered in consequence. A dozen times or more I tried to locate Tim, but that gentleman was out on the road in his speeder, and to all intents and purposes was entirely lost.

THE first silk train was due to reach Bozeman on the late afternoon of the tenth. On the morning of that day Mr. Colter sent for me.

"How are things for tonight, Larry?" he asked, and I knew without further thought just what he meant. "If things go right you and I can put a feather in our caps; if they go wrong we may find a can on the other end. Ours is a hard division, but I have told the big boss that we will be right on the job."

"Everything is ready," I assured him. She's due in at 6:50, and out over our piece at 7:15. Our schedule is all made out, engine ready, and crew called."

"Track and roadbed all O. K., I presume? Me mustn't take any chances, you know, with a million dollars' worth of easily stolen merchandise on board."

Mr. Colter's very direct questions brought forcibly to my mind the rather unsatisfactory state of affairs that was supposed to exist out at Blind Man Gap. I unburdened my mind to the last tiny suspicion, and it did me good to share my troubles with another. Mr. Colter listened attentively, and I was almost relieved when he did not smile; I had feared he might think me merely overwrought and foolish.

"This may be all bunk, Larry," he said when I had finished, "or it may be the real thing with a vengeance. But there is one thing that is absolutely certain—we can't afford to take chances. We'll have to find Rourke, and find him today; he may know something definite by this time."

Just then one of the office lads came

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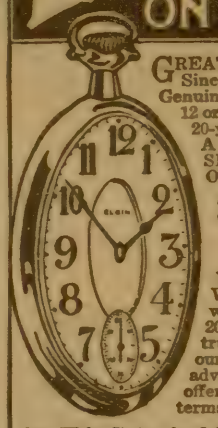

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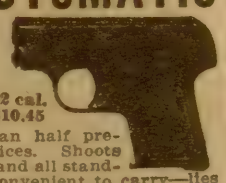

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rushing into the room crying a message:

"Telegram for Mr. Rourke," he called, "telegram for Mr. Rourke."

"Here, boy," snapped Mr. Colter, "give that to me." The message had come in over our own wires. It was marked "Urgent." Mr. Colter tore open the envelope, and, as he read, his face betrayed his utter astonishment. He threw it over to me with an impatient flip and I read as follows:

Tim Rourke. Bozeman.

Make necessary arrangements for safety as per our talk. Have located skunks; hope to collect hides tonight.

TOM JONES.

"An extremely satisfying letter," Mr. Colter observed, with considerable sarcasm, "what do you make of it?" But before I could frame an answer the real owner of the message came hurrying in.

"Note here for me?" he queried anxiously, and I passed him over the strange communication. "Good!" he exclaimed, as he finished the reading, "that tells us something, at least. Gentlemenn, Tom Jones has been prowling thru those hills back of Blind Man trying to find out who it is that seems to want that part of our track left unwatched. Apparently he has found out what we wanted to know, and my advice would be to accept his request, made thru me, to the letter."

"And that is?" said Mr. Colter dryly. "We haven't the code, you know."

"That tonight's silk train must not pass the watchman's shanty at Blind Man Gap without the personal O. K. of Tom Jones."

"Agreed," from Mr. Colter, "but we'll do more than that, boys. We'll go down there ourselves with the track motor, ahead of the train, and get in at the finish. If there is any devil's work brewing for that silk train it's up to the officers of this company to be around and watch it boil. Larry, issue orders that the crew of the silk train must stop at the watchman's shack at Blind Man and await further instructions there."

Some fifty minutes ahead of the train we sought to protect we rolled quietly out of Bozeman. There were five of us in the motor—the driver, Mr. Colter, Tim and myself, and a big, husky chap from out secret service department. It was dark and chilly, with just enough misty rain in the air to make us thoroly uncomfortable. We stopped a few seconds at Ozada to notify the dispatcher of our arri al there; we were traveling, you know, on regular train orders. Ozada was only about three miles from the head of Blind Man Gap.

"Turn out the lights," Mr. Colter ordered, as we left the depot—the only building in Ozada—"and everybody keep quiet. We will stop at that first big curve this side of the Gap, and lift the car off. Joe here will stay and keep cases on the machine. The rest of us will sneak up and try and help with the fireworks if there's going to be any." Joe was the chauffeur.

In complete silence Mr. Colter's orders were carried out. Very quickly we left the car behind, and guns in hand walked swiftly ahead into the shadows and mysteries of Blind Man Gap. The moon had risen, and as best she could was shining down thru the masses of low-lying clouds. Half a mile from the car was the watchman's shanty. It was close to the track, but in spite of that we almost passed the place, for there was neither lamp nor fire to brighten the surroundings.

"D—n queer!" Mr. Colter muttered, "with two men here." But he led the way himself towards the dark building. He threw open the door and pressed the button of his flash-lamp. In spite of our orders for silence an exclamation of dismay rose to the lips of every man there. It was only too apparent that the place was in a very sorry mess. Chairs lay in pieces around the room; broken dishes and scraps of food cluttered the floor; the windows were broken; the bed upset.

Half-sitting, half-lying in his chair, with head and shoulders slouched forward over the table was a man. Clutched in one hand was the jagged remnant of a badly broken bottle, and near his head, on the table, a heavy tin cup. The secret service man jumped forward. He sniffed at the cup, and sipped from the few drops of liquor that clung to its bottom.

"Phwew!" he whistled, "no wonder the lad's dead to the world. I'm no druggist, but I figure there's enough dope in that stuff to put a blizzard to sleep."

"This is the chap I sent down to help Tom Jones," Tim whispered. "I'm thinking we better be leaving him here to sleep off his jag, and be heading on down the track to where the loose bowlders are. It's me that's got an idea the skunks are loose tonight."

As we left the shanty with its dirty mess we could see, away to the west, the bright headlight of the silk train dancing on the rain coulds that hung low over the valley. But with renewed resolution we turned our steps to the east and went further into the gloom of the canyon. As before, Mr. Colter led the way. I had spent some years in train service; I knew Blind Man Gap like a book. I recognized each curve as it swept around the tangled hills in unison with the tortuous windings of the rushing creek two hundred feet below. I knew when we came to the beginning of the long curve that led around the base of the hill from which came our most frequent and dangerous slides. I knew that if villainy was abroad we would find it here.

The moon popped out suddenly, from behind a mass of storm-driven clouds, and flooded the place with a dim and ghostly radiance. And almost on the instance of the coming of this light there sounded from somewhere up front a loud and raucous hail:

"Hands up! Or I shoot!"

Every man of us stopped, thinking the dread command was addressed to us. But plainly it was not, for before we could hardly gather our wits there came the short, snappy bark of revolver shots, and hoarse, guttural oaths. We could hear the heavy pad-pad of rapidly approaching feet.

"Down!" Mr. Colter rasped, "and grab them as they pass!"

We saw the fleeing men the instant they rounded the curve. There were two of them, running heavily. Their thoughts were busy on the matter of escape; they never noticed the four of us lying flat beside the rails. As one man the four of us rose and grappled them. The advantage of a surprise attack was on our side, and we were two to one; the fight was soon over. The secret service man pulled out a pair of handcuffs and chained the two prisoners together. Leaving him to guard them the remainder of our party ran on around the curve. And before we had traveled many rods we found three more men. Two of them lay on the ground, apparently wounded, and the third stood over them with a pair of automatics in his hands.

Tim unwound his long legs and outdistanced Mr. Colter and me. "Be yees hurt, bye?" he called, lapsing into the brogue in his excitement, "an' shure, I hopes not, for we catched two more of thim d—d skunks around the bend!"

"Hurray!" and the big man keeping guard with the automatics capered with joy—"we've got the whole gang then, and I don't mind if I did get nicked a bit in the shoulder."

The man's voice sounded familiar: I felt that I should know him. But the moon had hidden again, and it was dark. I struck a match and held it close to the man's face.

"Hello, Larry," he grinned, "I rather thought I'd meet you down here if I stayed long enough."

"Well, I'll be d—d!" I stuttered, altho I am not usually profane. "So it's you, is it, you—you——." And Charley Morris, alias Tom Jones, pocketed one of his guns and took my hand in his own strong grasp.

"You dirty whelp!" snarled one of the wounded men suddenly, shaking his fist at Charley, "stand there chewing the rag while the men you shot down lie here suffering. Why in h—l didn't you get drunk like you was supposed to; you're nothing but a stew bum anyhow!"

"Drop that guff," Mr. Colter ordered sternly, "if I should show the boys on that train up ahead the rocks you fellows rolled down on the track to ditch them I'm inclined to think you'd suffer a whole lot more than you are now. You're lucky Charlie didn't shoot to kill."

WELL, we pried off the mass of big stones, and then Mr. Colter ran back to the shanty. The train crew had just hung up their portable phone, and Mr. Colter sat in and ordered out an extra. And then, but not until then, he told the boys on the silk train they could proceed on their trip, a few minutes late—but safe.

The extra came out—two cars and an engine—with a running schedule that set a new record on our division. There were doctors on board, and some Federal police, and two or three live-wire newspaper men. The two wounded prisoners were made decently comfortable and all four of them were made exceedingly safe. Charley's wound was the first thing to be looked after, and

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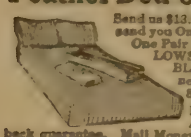

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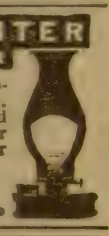

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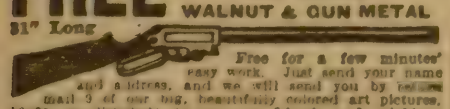

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when we found that it was a clean puncture and not liable to be dangerous, there were some thankful men around there, I'm telling you. In spite of our protests he insisted on sitting up and telling us the story of his exploits.

"Those fellows are just naturally no good," he said in explanation; "they're wobblies to the core, and crooks to boot. All summer they have been making dirty, rotgut whisky and peddling it at night to Tim's extra gangs. When the work quit I guess they decided they might as well make some easy money robbing trains, and they picked on Blind Man Gap as a good place to operate. They wanted to rob trains, but they wanted the blame to be tacked up against some poor, drunken fool of a watchman. That's the reason they left that booze in our shack, expecting us to dope ourselves with the d—d stuff and leave them a clear field for their night's work.

"Pete got home a few minutes before I did; when I came in he was wild, crazy drunk. He insisted that I drink with him, and when I wouldn't he got mean and we had a bit of a row. I guess we mussed things up in the shack a little, but it couldn't be helped. Then Pete got dizzy and went off to sleep, and I—I, well, I broke the last bottle of booze. Pete was holding it tight, but I smashed it right there in his hand. And then I didn't dare wait any longer, but slipped down into the Gap and waited for what might happen.

"I might have caught those wreckers sooner, but I didn't have all the proof I wanted, and I knew they would hang themselves if I gave them enough time and opportunity. Their camp is back there in the hills in a well-hidden cave; I spotted it down one day while I was tramping in the woods. They had a little portable phone they could connect up with our dispatcher's wires, and they weren't bashful about using it. They knew all about that silk train that went thru tonight, but what is more important, I knew that they knew.

"From what one of them said to me after I had winged him I know they took me for a booze hound, and expected that both Pete and I would spend the night in the shack, dead to the world. Gosh! but they did seem surprised when I crawled up on them and called, 'Hands up!' The light was pretty poor, and one of them managed to get a gun out before I noticed him, or else I wouldn't have failed as I did."

"Failed!" grunted one of the Federal officers, "Failed, h—l!" and a grim little laugh ran round the listening circle. And thus we talked while the special clattered swiftly into Bozeman. Mr. Colter's shiny, new limousine was waiting there near the station doors.

"Come with me, Larry," Mr. Colter called, "you and the hero of the evening."

So the two of us climbed in with him. Almost noiselessly the big car hurried up the streets that led to my home. Mr. Colter was, at times, a very silent man, and on this journey he said not a word. But when we had climbed out at my gate he leaned out and stretched his hand toward Charley.

"Good-night, Tom Jones," he said simply, "anybody that can lick to a standstill the devil that you have been carrying around within yourself is all man, and I'm proud to know you." And they shook.

"Say, Larry," Charley whispered, when Mr. Colter had gone, "he wouldn't have talked like that to me if I had taken a drink back there in the shanty with Pete, would he?"

"No," I said, "he certainly wouldn't."

It was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning now—either very late or very early—depending entirely on your point of view. But in spite of the unseemly hour, as we hastened up the walk towards the house, the lights in the lower hall flashed suddenly on.

"Charley," I said "I'll bet you a sack of peanuts that Molly Eager Morris is suffering from another attack of intuition, and that she is up, dressed, and waiting for something to happen."

"I'll take the bet," Charley laughed, "just to prove I'm game, but I hope I lose."

And when we climbed the steps and opened the door and a beautiful woman came crying and laughing into his arms I don't suppose he cared one whit that he had lost.

All these things happened something more than a year ago. Charley Morris is our district master mechanic now, and a better and steadier man never filled the job. And as for Tim Rourke, Road Master, if I wasn't so fond of that big-hearted Irishman I might even manage to grow jealous of him. Tim and I often go down together to see the Morris household. Molly had a fine, new boy not many days ago, and for once in the history of the world both parents picked the same name—"Tim."

Incidentally (but I don't really need to tell you this), Charley and the bottles have parted company for good and all. "Nothing doing on that stuff," he says, as he and Molly smile into each others eyes. "I was a near bum once, at Blind Man, but never again—eh, Molly girl?"

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The Inner Circle.

(Continued From Page 11.)

the Baltic? How'll that do?" he asked.

"It won't do at all. The letter may be valueless, and——"

"It ain't valueless. It tells, all right. It says 'in a narrow strait between this island and that island.' You needn't worry about that part of it."

The woman hesitated. Was all this a cunningly devised plot of the Czar's agents, or was the man honest? His refusal to disclose his secret was not unnatural, and yet——

"Mr. Wilkins," she syllabled slowly, "I'll take your word for it, for I can do nothing else. But I warn you solemnly that if I fail in this after I have spent all the money that I shall have to spend, it will cost both you and me our lives. The Brotherhood will not tolerate such a costly failure as this would be. So beware. Now we must see about getting a ship."

"A ship!" Caruth leaned forward. "Don't worry about that. I have a thousand-ton yacht eating its head off. It's yours. When shall we sail?"

CHAPTER IX.

PROFESSOR SHISHKIN spent the next ten days after Maxime's cataclysmal visit in worrying over what he had to do and in trying to devise some way of eluding at least that part of his orders that required him to take Olga with him. Knowing the methods of the Brotherhood, he guessed that, if need be, they would not hesitate to use the girl in accomplishing their ends, at whatever peril to her. On the other hand, he was resolved that she should never go back to Russia. But how to avoid the necessity he could not see.

He was in this state of mind when Marie Fitzhugh notified him by long-distance telephone to send the notice of his impending departure on Mr. Caruth's yacht to the papers, and to be ready to sail in four days.

It was not difficult to get the announcement printed. The Professor's scientific achievements, while they had never brought him wealth, had brought him the homage of the intellectual of all lands. He had even been discovered by the New York Sunday papers and had had his achievements attractively described in a syndicate letter written by a special writer, who criticised—and disproved—his famous theory of rising sea floors by the sole light of information derived from the perusal of the books of the Professor himself.

In spite of this, the Professor was a friend to newspaper men, and was always willing to be interviewed on almost any subject connected with his work. So when he desired to give out the news of his coming trip, he had only to choose to which newspaper friend he would send it.

Finally he picked out Bristow, for much the same reasons that had led Caruth to consult that well-informed individual. He had first met the reporter on his arrival after a trip to Europe several years before, and had been attracted to him by the able and intelligent account which the reporter had printed concerning certain scientific discoveries he had made on his trip. This good impression was confirmed on several later occasions. Further, the reporter naturally occurred to him, because that young man had recently become a somewhat constant caller at the New Jersey cottage. (The Professor was slightly bewildered by his apparent assiduity in the pursuit of science, but did not suspect that his daughter might have something to do with it.) Further, as ship-news reporter from the Consolidated Press, Bristow was not only the exact man to handle such an item, but was best adapted to give it the wide publicity desired by its publication in the papers served by that great news organization.

Bristow put the item "on the wires," and then hurried down to East Orange at the first possible moment. He did not, however, go straight to the Professor himself, but to that gentleman's daughter. Moreover, he addressed her as Olga, from which it might be suspected that matters had progressed further than the Professor imagined.

"Olga," he began, "this note—what does it mean?"

The girl glanced at the paper in his hand. "I don't know," she answered thoughtfully. "I don't know."

"But——"

"Ten days ago a young man came to see father. They talked together a long time. Father was a good deal excited; I could hear his voice away upstairs. Since then he has been ill. Always he is puzzling over something. Yesterday he had me write you that note telling of his coming trip. I have begged him not to go, but he is quite determined. He says he wants to confirm his ... floor theory."

"But he is too old!"

"Of course! But he insists tha... must go. Yet I don't believe he wants to. I believe something or somebody is forcing him—tho I don't understand how one can. Do you?"

Bristow looked thoughtful. Caruth's association with the affair, as announced in the notice sent to the papers, caused him to conclude inevitably that the forthcoming trip had some connection with arrival of the fair but mysterious Russian and with the murder of the valet. He could not quite understand the object, however, being ignorant of the Orkney and her fate, as well as of the recovery of the missing letter.

"How does Mr. Caruth come to be in this?" he asked abruptly, wondering what excuse had been offered for the young man's sudden interest in affairs scientific.

"Mr. Caruth? Father seems to have known his father, and Mr. Caruth, knowing that father wanted to go to the

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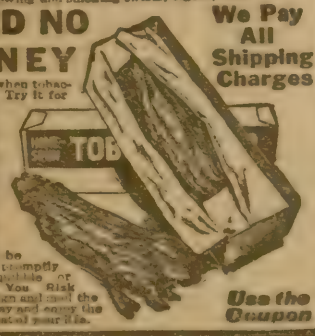

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Baltic, offered his yacht. At least, that's what they say," concluded the girl. "For my part, I don't believe it. Do you?"

Bristow hesitated. "No," he answered, at last. "I happen to know that it is at least partly untrue. But, Olga, don't express any doubt publicly. Indiscreet talking might cause trouble to a good many people, including the Professor. Is he going to take you with him?"

The girl nodded. "He says he wants me to go, and, of course, I can't let him go alone. And yet, do you know, Joe, I don't believe he really wants me to go at all?"

The reporter nodded slowly. The skein was still too tangled for him to unravel, but he was studying it intently. "Then, why go?" he asked. "Olga, I don't want to be selfish. I have waited a long time, and I can't let you go away from me like this. Why not marry me at once? Then I can speak to your father from a different footing. Perhaps I can persuade him to give up the trip."

"If you only could!"

"All right. I'll try. Wait for me."

THE Professor evidently strove to greet his visitor, but despite himself his irritation shone thru.

"I suppose you came about my note, Mr. Bristow," he exclaimed. "I have nothing more to say. I told it all. I am going to the Baltic to get proof of my theory about sea-floors. I am going on the yacht of Mr. Caruth, a young scientific friend of mine. That's all."

With difficulty the reporter concealed his dismay. The Professor had aged more than he had thought possible.

"Just as you say, Professor," he answered. "But I want to talk to you about something else. Won't you ask me to sit down?" He moved a chair up beside the old man's accustomed seat, and stood waiting.

Professor Shishkin hesitated for an instant. Then the demands of courtesy had their way. "I'm sorry," he muttered. "I'm not myself. I'm an old man, and I grow forgetful. Sit down, Mr. Bristow. I'm very glad to see you. Ask me what you will."

"Even unto the half of your kingdom?" queried the reporter. "I want more than that, Professor. I want Miss Olga!"

"Olga!" The Professor half rose. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

"I mean that I want to marry her," returned Bristow. "We love each other, and we want to marry."

For a moment Professor Shishkin stared at the young man. Then he burst into a fit of laughter that made the reporter look at him in amazement.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bristow," he quavered. "I beg your pardon. I was very discourteous. I was not laughing at you, but at the way things come about. What creatures of fate we all are! We think we control events, but events really control us! Mr. Bristow, I have been worrying myself sick about Olga, and here you come, pat to the moment, to set everything straight. You say that Olga loves you?"

"Yes." The reporter's voice was reverent.

"Then everything is all right. I shall be delighted to have her marry you. But I must impose some conditions."

The Professor's voice has grown stronger. Years seemed to have rolled from his shoulders. Bristow stared at him in wonder.

Shishkin smiled. "Oh, it won't be hard on you," he promised. "Tho you may find my conditions difficult to understand Let me explain. I am compelled to go on this trip concerning which I have written you. I am compelled to take Olga with me—or to appear to do so. I don't want to take her, but I cannot refuse openly. But no one acquainted with her will be on the vessel. If I can find a substitute who resembles her somewhat, no one is likely to detect the change. The trouble has been to get Olga's consent and to hide her away while I was gone. Your proposal makes this easy."

Amazedly the reporter listened. The old man was showing a new phase of character—a phase novel to Bristow, who had always thought of him only as an aged scientist engrossed in matters far removed from worldly scheming. But, then, neither had he ever thought of him in connection with Russian terrorism, in which it now seemed that he was involved. Breathlessly, yet delighted at his easy success, he waited for the old man to continue.

Professor Shishkin did not keep him waiting long. "Now," he went on, "my consent to your marriage to Olga is conditional on this: You must find some one who reasonably resembles Olga, and who is willing for a consideration to go with me in her place. You must bring her here the night before we sail. I will have an old minister friend of mine waiting. He can marry you and Olga. Then Olga and the substitute will change clothes. When you take Olga away, the substitute can remain. She can wear a veil as long as any one who knows Olga is likely to see her. Once on the yacht, we will be safe from detection."

Bristow gasped. Scarcely could he believe his ears. The Professor had taken to intrigue as if he had been dabbling in it all his life. What next?

"But," he questioned, "where can I find a substitute? Do you know of any one like Olga——"

"Dozens of them. Hundreds of girls in New York resemble her more or less. Olga is of a very common type."

The reporter flushed angrily. He did not think Olga of a common type! To him there was no one like her. Still, he could scarcely quarrel with her father for saying so.

"It won't be as easy as you think," he returned. "Still, it might be done."

"It must be done. Otherwise Olga must go with me. A power stronger than I decrees it."

"Oh, well, in that event—let me think!" The reporter was beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing. "I believe I know the very girl you want. She's doing a turn at Weser's Music Hall. She does look like Olga in a general sort of way."

"An actress?" questioned the Professor.

"Humph! Well, she calls herself one, and I guess we'll let it go at that. I've known her for a good while, tho never very well, and I believe she's straight. That's her reputation, anyhow. I do believe that by making-up a little she could pass for Olga with people who didn't know her well."

"That is all that is necessary. So long as she has the right height and figure, and bears a general resemblance to Olga, no one will question her identity if I introduce her as my daughter. Oh, yes! It will be easy. Where can I see this girl?"

Bristow looked at his watch. "She'll be at the theater now," he announced. "I'll hurry up to town and catch her as she comes out, and arrange——"

"Never mind. I'll go with you and see her at once. There is no time to lose. The Professor rose. "Remember, Mr. Bristow," he added seriously, "this is no pleasure masquerade. It may easily become a matter of life and death for me, for Olga, and for others. I do not tell you more because I am sworn not to do so, and because the less you know the better; but don't think for a moment that this is anything but deadly earnest. Now, let us go, at once."

Bristow and the Professor are not likely to have much trouble in finding an actress, or at least a showgirl, willing to impersonate the Professor's daughter. Of course, they must have a girl possessing beauty and brains, especially the latter, as she may encounter frequent grave dangers, compared with which the rigors and terrors of the seas are of small importance. The right girl should appear in the next instalment of the exciting story.

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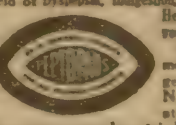

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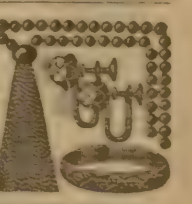

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WOLVES OF THE SEA

(Continued From Page 7)

ber how you signed on, after we took you off the Albatross? This is how it stands, Gates—either go forrard quietly yerself, er the both of us will kick you there. We never give an order twice on the Namur. That will be enough talk. If you do your work, all right; and if you don't, then look out, my man—there will be plenty of hell waiting for you. Go on, now."

It was a curt dismissal, coupled with a plain threat, easy to understand. I obeyed the order gladly enough, slinking away into the black shadows forward, realizing my good fortune, and seeking some spot where I could be alone. The result was all that I could have hoped for; my position on board was assured; my story had been accepted without awakening the slightest suspicion; and it was perfectly clear that no one on board the Namur possessed the slightest memory of the personal appearance of the poor fellow who had been thrown overboard, and drowned. Even Haines believed me to be the man.

Of course, I should be watched to some extent for a few days, my willingness to served noted, and my ability as a seaman put to the test; but in this I had nothing to fear. I could play the assumed character with little danger fo any mishap. The only remaining peril of discovery would come with the return of the absent boat, and the necessity of my encountering the giant negro. Yet I was convinced even this would not prove serious.

If Cochose had glimpsed my features at all during the course of our desperate struggle on the deck of the sloop, the impression made on his mind must have been merely momentary; and, besides, he would never once conceive it possible that the same man could have reached the bark ahead of his return. Even if such a suspicion dawned, I was now in a position to positively establish my arrival aboard the Namur early the evening previous, and before their expedition had departed.

I felt so safe, and so content with my success thus far, as to already believe thoroly in the final result of my mission. This confidence developed almost into sheer recklessness. There were some difficulties ahead, to be sure. I remained sane enough to recognize these, yet I had already conquered easily, what at first had appeared insurmountable, and, in consequence of this good luck, these others yet to be met, seemed far less serious. The same happy fortune which had opened the way for me to board the Namur must also intervene to aid me in solving future problems. Mine was the philosophy of a sailor, to whom peril was but a part of life. All I seemed to require now was a sufficiency of courage and faith—the opportunity would be given.

In this spirit of aroused hope, I continued to stare out into the black night, watchfully, the shrouded deck behind me silent, and seemingly deserted, except for the steady tramp from rail to rail of LeVere, keeping his lonely watch aft. The crew had disappeared, lying down no doubt in corners out of the wind. And this wind was certainly rising, already attaining a force to be reckoned with, for the boom of waves hurled against the bows of the laboring bark, was steadily becoming more noticeable, while overhead the ropes sang dismally.

I wondered that LaVere hung on so long in his perilous position, altho, in spite of the increased strain, the anchor still clung firmly. Quite probably he had received stern orders not to shift from his present position until the boat returned, yet surely his judgment as a competent seaman, left in command, must make him aware of the threatening danger. He would never wreck his vessel merely because he had been instructed to remain at that particular spot.

It seemed to me that no hawser ever made could long withstand the terrific strain of our tugging, as the struggling bark rose and fell in the grip of the sea.

To him must have come the same conviction, for suddenly his high-pitched voice sang out from the poop:

"Stand by, forrard, to lower the starboard anchor; move lively, men. Everything ready, Haines?"

"All clear, sir. Come on the jump, bullies!"

"Then let go smartly. Watch that you don't get the line fouled. Aloft there! Anything in sight, Cavere?"

From high up on the foretop yard, the answer, blown by the wind, came down in broken English:

"Non, M'sieur; I see nottings."

"Well, don't go to sleep; keep both eyes open!"

I had already joined the watch forward, aware only of the numerous dim, and shapeless figures about me, busily employed in straightening out the kinks in the heavy cable. The number of men on deck was evidence of a large crew, there being many more than were necessary for the work to be done. Most of them appeared to be able seamen, and Haines drove them mercilessly, cursing them for lubbers, and twice kicking viciously at a stooping form.

There was no talking, only the growl of an occasional oath, the slapping of the hawser on deck, and the sharp orders of Haines. Then the great rope began to slip swiftly thru the hawser hole, and we heard the sharp splash as the iron flukes struck the water, and sank. Almost at that same instant the voice of Cavere rang out from the masthead:

"A sail, M'sieur—a sail!"

"Where away?"

"Off ze port quarter. I make eet to be ze lettle boat—she just round ze point."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN OF THE BOAT.

RECEIVING no other orders, the moment all was secure, the crew eager to welcome back the boat party, and learn the news, hurried over to the port rail. Beyond doubt most of those aboard realized that this had been an expedition of some importance, the culmination of their long wait on the coast, part of some scheme of their chief, in the spoils of which they expected to share.

It was for this end they had been inactive for weeks, hiding and skulking along shore; now they hoped to reap their reward in gold and silver, and then be permitted to return to the wilder, more adventurous life they loved on the high seas. Moreover this boat approaching thru the darkness was bringing back their leader, and however else they might feel toward him, the reckless daring and audacious resourcefulness of Sanchez meant success. These fellows, the scum of the seven seas, whom he had gathered about him, might hate and fear, yet were glad to follow. They had learned on many a bloody deck the merit of their chief, and in their way were loyal to him.

I was made to comprehend all this by the low, muttered utterances of those crowding near me, spoken in nearly every language of the world. Much I could not even translate, yet enough reached my ears to convince me of the temper of the crew—their feverish eagerness to be again at sea, under command of a captain whom they both hated and feared, yet whom they would follow to the very gates of hell. Even as they cursed him with hot oaths, in memory of some act of discipline, there came into their voices a tinge of admiration, which furnished me an accurate etching of the man. They knew him, these hell-hounds of the sea, and from out their mouths I knew him also for what he was—a cruel, cold-blooded monster, yet a genius in crime, and a natural leader of such men as these.

Black Sanchez!

All the unspeakable horror which in the past had clung to that name came back again to haunt me; I seemed to hear once more the tales of men who had escaped from his grip alive; to see again the scenes they had witnessed. It could not seem possible that I was actually upon one of his ships, in the very midst of his wild crew. I listened to their comments, their expectations, with swiftly beating heart. I alone knew what that boat was bringing. And when it arrived, and they knew also, what would these sea wolves say? What would they do? What would be the result when the dead body of their leader came up over the rail?

For a few moments we could perceive nothing thru the black night. The clouds were rolling low, thickened by vapor, and the increasing wind had already beaten the waves into crests of foam. We could hear them crash against the stout sides of the bark, which leaped to their impetus, yet was held in helpless captivity by the two anchors. The deck under foot tossed dizzily, the bare masts swaying above, while our ears could distinguish the sullen roar of breakers tumbling up on the sand just astern.

LeVere shouted an order, and a sudden flare was lighted amidships, the circle of flame illumining a part of the deck, and spreading out over the wild expanse of water.

Scarcely had a minute elapsed before the approaching craft came sweeping into the radius of light—at first a dim, spectral shadow, scarcely to be recognized; then, almost as suddenly, revealed in all its details—a boat of size, flying toward us under a lug sail, standing out hard as a board, keeling well over, and topping the sea swells like a bird on wing.

'Twas a beautiful sight as the craft came sweeping on before the full weight of the wind, out from that background of gloom into the yellow glare of the torch, circling widely so as to more safely approach the bark's quarter. LeVere called for men to stand by, the fellows rushing past me to their stations, but, in the fascination of the moment, I failed to move. I could do nothing but stare out across the intervening boat. I must see, I must know the message it brought; what story it held of the tragedy.

At first I could only barely distinguish the figures of those aboard, yet these gradually assumed recognizable form, and finally the faces also became dimly visible. Manuel held the tiller, with Estada seated beside him, and gesticulating with one hand, as he directed

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the course. I had never seen these two, yet I knew them beyond a doubt. Mendez and Anderson (at least I supposed these to be the two) were poised at the sail halliards, ready to let the straining sheet down at a run, while Cochose crouched low in the bow, his black hand uplifting, gripping a coil of rope. Their faces were all turned forward, lighted by the flare from our deck, and I felt a shudder of fear run over me—no expression on any countenance spoke of defeat; even the ugly features of the negro beamed with delight.

But was that all? Was that all? Surely not, not the boat had to leap forward, and then turn broadside too, as it swept aft toward the main chains, before I succeeded in seeing what remained partially concealed between the thwarts in its bottom. Forward of the single mast was stowed the chest, which Travers' slaves had borne with such care up the bluff; while in the open space between the helmsman and the two sailors were stretched two motionless bodies. LeVere, gripping a stay-rope, and leaning well out, hailed in Spanish:

"Ahoy, the boat—there is not too much sea? You can make it?"

"Ay!" came back Estada's voice, swept aside by the wind, yet still audible. "Stand by to fend us off. Call all hands, and break anchor as soon as we are aboard."

"Very well, sir. Where is Captain Sanchez?"

Estada pointed downward in swift, expressive gesture.

"Here at my feet—badly hurt, but will recover. Send two men down to help when we make fast. Now, Cochose—let go of your rope; watch out above!"

I stood, gripping hard at the rail, and staring down at the scene below, as the men in the boat made fast. I felt paralyzed, and helpless, unable to move. I had no business to remain there; every prospect of security depended on my joining the crew, but it was not in my power to desert my position.

I could hear the hurrying feet of the watch tramping across the deck in response to LeVere's orders; the heavy pounding of a marling-spike on the forecastle hatch, as Haines called for all hands. I was aware that men were already mounting the ratlines, and laying out on the upper yards to make sail, while the capstan bars began rattling.

Yet only one thought gripped me—Sanchez was not dead! I had believed he was; I had staked all on his death as a certainty. But, instead, the man was lying there in the boat, helpless at present, sorely wounded perhaps, yet still alive. Estada even said he would surely recover.

And that other body? That of Dorothy Fairfax, without doubt, yet certainly not lifeless. Those fellows would surely never bring back to the Namur the useless, dead form of one of their victims. That was unthinkable, impossible. If their prisoner was the girl—and who else could it be?—she remained alive, helplessly bound to prevent either struggle, or outcry, and destined to a fate far worse than death.

THIS revelation struck me like a blow. I had anticipated the possible capture of the young woman, but not the return of Sanchez. His living overthrew all my plans.

There was no hope in the narrow confines of the ship for me to remain long out of his sight, once he became able again to reach the deck. And he would instantly recognize me in any guise. Every hope of rescue had vanished, every faith that I could be of aid. My own life hung in the balance—nay, rather, my doom was already sealed. There seemingly was but one chance for escape left—that was to drop silently overboard, amid the confusion of getting under way, and make the desperate attempt to reach shore unseen before the crew could lift anchor, and set sail.

This possibility came to me, yet I continued to cling there, dazed and helpless, staring dully down, lacking both physical and mental energy to put the wild scheme into execution. God, no! that would be the craven act of a coward. Better far to stay, and kill, or even be killed, than to be forever cursed by my own conscience. The fellow might die; some fatal accident befall the Namur; why a hundred things might occur before Sanchez was capable of resuming command, or could attempt any serious injury to Dorothy.

The fellows sent down from the main chains to the boat brought the injured captain up first. This required the services of three men, his body hanging limp between them, his upturned face showing ghastly in the flaming of the torch thrust out over the rail. To every appearance it was apparently a corpse they handled, except for their tenderness, and a single groan to which the white lips gave utterance, when one of the bearers slipped, wrenching the wounded body with a sharp pang of pain.

Once safely on deck, the three bore him across to the after cabin, in which a swinging lantern had been lighted, and was by then burning brightly, and disappeared down the steps. My eyes followed every movement, as I forgot for the instant the boat and its occupants still tossing alongside on the waters below. As I turned back, awakened by some cry, I saw that Estada had already swung himself up into the chains, while Anderson and Mendez were lifting the girl to her feet, and rather roughly urging her forward.

Her hands and limbs had been set free, but she swayed back and forth in the grasp of the two men, as tho unable to support herself alone, her face upturned into the flare of light, as she gazed in terror at the black side of the bark towering above. Her eyes reflected all the unutterable horror which for the moment dominated her mind, while her loosened hair, disarranged by struggle, only served to intensify the pallor of her face. Yet in spite of this evident despair, there was still strength and defiance in the firm closing of her lips, and her efforts to stand alone, uncontaminated by the touch of the sailors' hands.

"Hustle her along lively, boys," shouted back Estada coarsely. "If she won't move, give her a shove. Then tie her up again, and take the turn of a rope 'round her. What do you think this is—a queen's reception? Move lively, Senorita," in mock sarcasm.

Her gaze settled on him, where he hung far out, grasping a backstay, watching the movements below, and her slender form straightened as by the acquisition of new strength.

"If these creatures will take their hands off me," she said, using their tongue without a tremor in the clear voice, "I can easily go up alone. What is it you are so afraid of—a woman?"

The expression of Estada's face promised an outburst of profanity, but, instead of giving it utterance, he lifted his cap in a sudden pretense at gallantry.

"Your pardon, Senorita," he said in a tone of humble mockery. "If you have come to your senses at last, it is well. No one can be happier than I. Leave her alone, men. Now, my beauty, I am taking you at your own word—a step, and then the protection of my hand. We welcome you, as a guest aboard."

A moment and she had attained the deck. Where she stood I could no longer see her face, yet she remained there silent and motionless, rather stiffly erect as she faced him. Frightened, and helpless as she was, yet her very posture seemed to express the detestation she felt for the man. But Estada, apparently pleased with his performance thus far, chose to continue playing the fool.

"Thanks, Senorita—thanks," he began softly, and again bowing before her, cap in hand. "We greet you with due honor aboard the Namur——"

"Enough of that, you coward, you murderer," she broke in coldly. "Do not touch nor speak to me."

She turned her back on him, thus coming face to face with LeVere, who stood enjoying the scene, a wide grin on his dark face, revealing a row of white teeth under a jet-black mustache.

"You, sir—you are an officer?"

"I have charge of the deck."

"Then where am I to go?"

The mulatto, surprised by the sudden question, glanced inquiringly toward Estada, who had already completely lost his sense of humor.

"Go!" the latter growled. "Where is she to go? Why send the wench below I'll see to her later, and teach her who is the master here. She will not queen it long on these decks, I warrant you. Off with her now, but be back quickly." He leaned out over the rail, sending his gruff voice below. "Send up that chest, you men—careful now not to let it drop overboard. Yes, that's better. Hook on the boat, Manuel, and let her drag; we must get out of here in a hurry. All ready, aloft?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Then sheet home; how is it forrard?"

"Both anchors apeak, sir."

"Smartly done—hard down with your helm there! That's it; now let her play off slowly."

He must have caught sight of me thru the gloom, for he strode furiously forward, giving utterance to a bristling Spanish oath. All the savage brutality of his nature had been brought to the surface by Dorothy's stinging words, and he sought now some fit opportunity to give it vent. Before I could move, he had gripped me by the collar, and swung me about, so that the light streaming out from the cabin fell directly on my face.

"What the devil are you doing, loafing aft here?" he demanded roughly, staring into my eyes. "Didn't you hear the orders, you d—d shirker? I've seen you hanging about for ten minutes, never lifting a hand. Who the h—l are you, anyhow—the captain?"

"Joe Gates, sir."

"Gates—another d—d Englishman! How did you ever get aboard here?"

It was the returning LeVere who made explanation before I could reply.

"Manuel brought him on board last night. Picked him up drunk ashore."

Estada's ugly eyes roved from face to face, as tho he failed to fully comprehend.

"Well, does he imagine he is going to be a passenger? Why hasn't he been taught his place before this? It's about time, LeVere, for this drunken sailor to be given a lesson to last him for awhile; and, by God, if you won't do it, I will. Step over here, Gates."

I took the necessary step forward, and faced him, expecting the rabid tongue-lashing, which I rather felt I deserved.

"Now, my man, do you know what this bark is?"

"I think so, sir—Mister LeVere explained that to me."

"Oh, he did? Well, he must have failed to make clear the fact that we enforce discipline aboard. The next time you

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neglect to jump at an order, you are going to taste the cat. You understand me? You speak Spanish?"

"Yes, sir; I lived two years in Cuba."

"I see; well, now, do you happen to have any idea who I am?"

"No, sir—only that you are one of the officers."

"Then I will enforce the information on your mind so that you are not liable to forget; also the fact that hereafter you are to jump when I speak. I am the first officer, and in command at present. Pedro Estada is my name. Now, you d—d English whelp, remember that!"

Before I even suspected what was coming, his unexpected action as swift as the leap of a poised tiger, he struck me fairly between the eyes with the butt of a pistol, and I went down sprawling onto the deck. For a moment I seemed, in spite of the viciousness of the blow, to retain a spark of consciousness, for I knew he kicked me savagely with his heavy sea boots; I felt the pain, and even heard the words, and curses, accompanying each brutal stroke.

"You drunken dog! You whelp of a sea wolf! You English cur! Take that—d—n you! And that! You'll not forget me for awhile. That's it—squirm, I like to see it. When you wake up again, you'll remember Pedro Estada. How did that feel, you grunting pig? Here, Le-Vere, Manuel, throw this sot into the forecastle. Curse you, here is one more to jog your memory."

The heavy, iron-shod boot landed full in my face, and every sensation left me as I sank limply back, bloody and unconscious.

CHAPTER XII.

A FRIEND IN THE FORECASTLE.

I SLOWLY and regretfully opened my eyes, aroused perhaps by a trampling of feet on the deck above, to find myself lying in an upper bunk of the forecastle. I was partially covered by a ragged blanket, but for a few moments remained unable to comprehend the situation. Yet the vivid memory soon returned, stimulated no doubt by the continuous aching of my body where Estada had so brutally kicked me with his heavy boots.

The first recollection of that assault brought with it a dull anger, strangely commingled with a thought of Dorothy Fairfax, and a sense of my own duty. The heavy rolling of the bark clearly evidenced that we were already at sea, and bucking against a high wind. Occasionally a monster wave broke over the cats-head, and struck thunderingly on the deck above me, the whole vessel trembling to the shock. Oilskins hung to the deck beams, swung here and there at strange angles, while the single slush lantern dangled back and forth like the pendulum of a clock.

It was a dark, dismal, smelly interior, amply large enough, but ill-ventilated, and inexpressibly dirty. Every stench under heaven seemed to assail my nostrils, so compounded together as to be separately indistinguishable, altho that of stale bilge water strongly predominated. The only semblance of fresh air found entrance thru the small, square scuttlehole, attainable by means of a short ladder, and staring up at this, I was able to perceive the light of day, altho so little penetrated below, the swaying slush light alone served to illume the place and render its horrors visible. It was day then and we were well out to sea. I must have been lying unconscious for several hours. In all probability, finding it impossible to arouse me, the brutes had finally left me alone, to either recover, or die, as fate willed.

I rested back, feeling of the numerous bruises on my body, and touching gingerly the dried blood caked on my face. No very serious damage seemed to have been done, for I could move without great pain, altho every muscle and tendon appeared to be strained and lacerated. My head had cleared also from its earlier sensation of dullness, the brain actively taking up its work. Clinching my teeth to keep back a groan, I succeeded in sitting upright, my head touching the upper deck, as I undertook to survey my surroundings. They were gloomy and dismal enough.

The forecastle, in true Dutch style, had been built directly into the bows, so that the bunks, arranged three tiers high, formed a complete half-circle. The single lantern, flickering and flaring as it swung constantly to the sharp pitching of the vessel, cast grotesque shadows and failed entirely to penetrate the corners. The deck below me was littered with chests, sea boots, and odds and ends of clothing, while farther aft considerable water had found entrance thru the scuttlehole, and was slushing back and forth as the bark rolled.

About half the bunks seemed to be occupied, the figures of the sleeping men barely discernible, altho their heavy breathing evidenced their presence and added to the babel of sound. Every bolt and beam creaked and groaned in the ceaseless struggle with the sea.

The bunk in which I had awakened was situated almost at the apex of the half-circle, so that I had a clear view of the wider open space. Those beneath me, contained no occupants, nor, at first, could I distinguish any in the tier directly opposite. Evidently the watch off duty preferred to seek their rest as far away as possible from those waves pounding against the bow.

However, as I sat there, staring about at this scene and uncertain as to what my next move should be, there was a stir within the upper berth on my own level, and a moment later an uplifted face appeared suddenly in the yellow flare of light. It was manifestly an English face at first glance, rosy of cheek, with chestnut beard, and light, tousled hair. A pair of humorous, gray eyes surveyed me silently, and then, apparently satisfied by the scrutiny, the owner sat up in the bunk, revealing powerful shoulders and a round, full neck.

"Ahoy, mate," he said pleasantly, endeavoring to speak low, the effort resembling the growl of a bear. "How do you feel—pretty sore?"

"Ache from head to foot," I answered, immediately feeling his friendliness. "But no harm done."

"I saw part of it. The d—n black brute kicked savagely enough, but at that you're lucky; it's the Spanish style to use a knife. I've seen that cock slash a man into ribbons for nothing at all—just to show he was bad. Haines tells me your name is Gates, and that you are English."

"That's right; I shipped first out of Bristol."

"So did I, mate—twenty years ago tho, and I never went back since. My name is Tom Watkins. Let's shake; there is quite a sprinkling of us Britishers aboard, and we ought to hang together."

He put out a big, hairy fist, and I gripped it heartily, decidedly liking the man as his eyes frankly met mine. He appeared honest and square, a fine type of the English seaman.

"Tom Watkins, you said. May I ask if you were out on the bowsprit along with Haines last night?"

"Just afore the long-boat come in? Yes, we were there."

"Well, I was down below, hanging to the cable, and overheard you two talking together. Somehow, Watkins, you do not seem to me to fit in exactly with this gang of pirates; you don't look to be that sort. How long have you been with them?"

He glanced about warily, lowering his voice until it became a hoarse whisper.

"Three years, mate, and most of that time has been hell. I haven't even been ashore but once, and that was on an island. These fellows don't put any trust in my kind, nor give them any chance to cut and run. Once in awhile a lad does get away, but most of them are caught; and those that are sure get their punishment. They never try it again. I've seen them staked out on the sand, and left to die; that ain't no nice thing to remember."

"But how did you come into it?"

"Like most of the rest. I was second mate of the Ranger, a Glasgow brig. We loaded with sugar at Martinique, for London. These fellows overhauled us at daybreak about a hundred miles off the east end of Cuba. They had a swift schooner, and five guns, one a Long Tom. All we had to fight them with was about fifteen men, and two brass carronades. Our skipper was Scotch, and he put up some fight, but it wasn't any use. There was only three of us left alive when the pirates came aboard. One of these died two days later, and another was washed overboard and drowned down in the Gulf. I am all that is left of the Ranger."

"You saved your life by taking on?"

"Sanchez had the two of us, who were able to stand, back in his cabin. He put it to us straight. He said it was up to us whether we signed up, or walked the plank; and he didn't appear to care a hoot which we chose. The cold-blooded devil was raging mad at getting only five hundred pounds off the brig. Well,

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Is This Your Type?

BY MARIE LA ROQUE

Is Your Nose Aquiline?

"SNUBS and Romans are plentiful enough," says Miss Creevy Dickens' "Nicholas Nicholby," "and there are flats of all sorts and sizes, but perfect aquilines, I am sorry to say, are scarce, and we generally use them for uniforms and public characters."

It has often been observed that a large number of famous men and women have had aquiline noses, and this is doubtless because, as students of physiognomy tell us, the aquiline nose betokens a good intellect, with a more than ordinary force of purpose. Charlemagne, they say, had an aquiline nose, and so did Christopher Columbus. Likewise did Cromwell, the only man not of royal blood who ever ruled in England. Farragut, the great American commander, was of this type.

Among writers there was Defoe, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and George Eliot and George Sands, both of whom, it must be admitted, had noses a little too beaklike to be "perfect aquilines." Sarah Siddons, regarded as the greatest tragic actress England has ever produced, was of the aquiline type, and our own Margaret Anglin, who is usually regarded as the best of our emotional actresses, has a nose that shows really beautiful aquiline proportions.

The girl who has an aquiline nose may have waited in vain for an American writer of modern novels or short stories to portray a fair heroine possessing this type of nose. Rather small, straight or slightly upturned noses seem to be more in demand nowadays. Still the nose that is like an eagle's—for aquiline means, of course, eagle-like—has had its admirers in literature.

Edgar Allan Poe seems to have regarded a well-formed aquiline nose as more beautiful even than a Greek nose. When he describes Ligeia, who was his

THE PERFECT AQUILINE.

ideal of beauty as well as of intellect, he says: "Nowhere but in the graceful medallions of the Hebrews have I beheld a similar perfection—the same scarcely perceptible tendency to the aquiline, the same harmoniously curved nostrils speaking the free spirit."

And Balzac in describing his Madame de la Chanterie—one of the most famous of all his women characters—tells us that she had "a rather sweet face, with a soft, coldly colored complexion, an aquiline nose, a benign brow, hazel eyes, and a double chin, the whole framed in curls of silver hair."

Russian novelists show a predilection for heroines with aquiline noses. For instance, there is Turgeney's Mariana in "Virgin Soil," who, he says, "had a round face, a large aquiline nose, big bright eyes, fine eyebrows, and thin lips." She was regarded by the other characters—save, of course, by her rival—as being more than ordinarily good-looking.

Next Week: When Lips Don't Meet.

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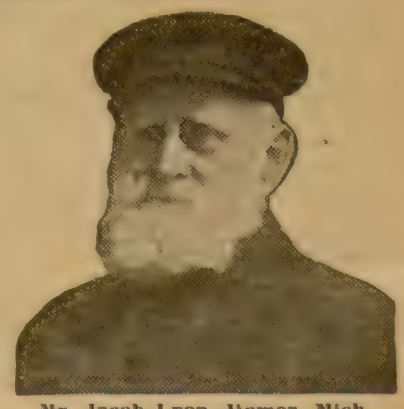
The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method of treating piles.



Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,

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There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them.

Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of Piles.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

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Jack and I looked at each other—and then we signed."

"And you say others of this crew have been obtained in the same manner?" I questioned, deeply interested, and perceiving in this a ray of hope.

"Not exactly—no, I wouldn't precisely say that. It's true, perhaps, that most of the Britishers were forced to join in about the same way I was, and there may be a Scandinavian, or two, with a few Dutch, to be counted in that list; but the most of these cusses are pirates from choice. It's their trade, and they like it. Sanchez only aims to keep hold of a few good men, because he has got to have sailors; but most of his crew are nothing but plain cutthroats.

"Where does he find them?"

"Where? Why, the West Indies are full of such devils; been breeding them down there for two hundred years—Indians and half-breeds, niggers, creoles, Portuguese, Spanish, and every d—d mongrel you ever heard of. Sanchez himself is half French. The hellhound who kicked you is a Portuguese, and LeVerne is more nigger than anything else. I'll bet there is a hundred rats on board this Namur right now who'd cut your throat for a sovereign, and never as much as think of it again."

"A hundred? Is there that many aboard?"

"A hundred an' thirty all told. Most o' 'em bunk amidships. They're not sailormen, but just cutthroats, an' sea wolves. Yer ought ter see 'em swarm out on deck, like hungry rats, when thar's a fight comin'. It's all they're good fer."

"WATKINS," I said soberly, after a pause, during which he spat on the dirty deck to thus better express his feelings, "do you mean to say that in three years you've had no chance to escape? No opportunity to get away?"

"Not a chance, mate; no more will you. The only place I've put foot ashore has been Porto Grande, where we run in to refit. That's a worse hell than the ship itself."

"But Haines goes ashore; he was with Manuel's boat yesterday."

The big fellow laughed grimly.

"Bill rather likes the job, an' they know it. He's a boatswain, an' gets a big share of the swag. He's the only Britisher aboard who wouldn't cut and run in a minute; besides he's got a girl at Porto Grande."

"And that fellow Anderson who was with Estada?"

"The lowest kind of a Swede cur—he'll do more dirt than a Portugee. I know what yer thinkin' 'bout. I had them notions, too, when I fu'st come aboard—gettin' all the decent sort tergether, and takin' the vessel. 'Twon't work; thar ain't 'nough who wud risk it, and if thar wus, yer couldn't get 'em tergether. Sanchez is too cussed smart fer thet. Every d—n rat is a spy. I ain't hed no such talk as this afore in six months, Gates; the last time cost me twenty lashes at the mast-butt."

"Is there any chance of our being overheard now?"

"No; these near bunks are all empty, an' the infernal noise drowns our voices. What'd yer have in your mind, mate?"

"Only this, Watkins. I've got to do something, and believe I can trust you. You are a square English seaman, probably the one one aboard I can repose confidence in. I don't blame you for sticking, for I suppose likely I'd do the same if I was in your case. But I ain't—it's not my life I'm thinking about, but that of a woman."

He stared at me across the narrow space separating our bunks, the shadows from the swinging lantern giving his features a strange expression.

"A woman! H—l, lad; not the one brought aboard last night?"

"Exactly; now listen—I'm going to tell you my story, and ask your help. Do you know what Estada went after in the long-boat?"

"Well, there's been plenty o' talk. The cook brought us some stories he heard aft, an' we knew we wus driftin' along the coast, waitin' fer Sanchez ter cum back. I suppose he'd got onto some English gold—in that chest they slung aboard, wasn't it?"

"Yes; that was the main object. My name is not Gates, at all and I am not the man Mendez brought aboard drunk, and who was thrown over the rail by LeVere. That fellow was drowned."

"Well, by God!"

"I am Geoffry Carlyle, an English skipper. There has been a revolution in England, in which I became involved. When the attempt failed, I was taken prisoner and deported to America for twenty years' servitude. I came over with a bunch of others on the same ship with Sanchez."

"The Romping Betsy?"

"Yes. There was a rich planter, and his niece also aboard. He was coming home with a chest of money—fifty thousand pounds—realized from a big sale of tobacco in London, and the young woman was returning from attending school in England. Sanchez was aboard to gain possession of both."'

Watkins nodded, too deeply interested in the narrative to interrupt.

"He pretended to be of the Spanish nobility, an ex-naval officer, and tried all the way over to make love to this Dorothy Fairfax. He got along all right with the uncle, and was invited to visit him, but the girl was not so easy.

"He must have had it all planned out how he was to get the gold Fairfax carried—that was what the Namur was waiting for—and when he found that the young woman could not be won by fair means, he decided to take her by force."

"It's not the first time for the black-hearted devil. But how did you happen to come along?"

"Fairfax bought me to run his sloop. Perhaps it was the girl who won him over. Anyhow, this arrangement angered Sanchez, and we had words. You know the rest, or, at least, the main facts. Sanchez and the boat crew held rendezvous at the first landing up the Bay. It was prearranged, but it was my fortune to meet the Captain alone on shore in the dark, where we fought."

"It was you, then, who drove the knife in? God!" excitedly, "but I would give ten years for such a chance. Ay, and, they say, you came within an eighth of an inch of sending him to hell."

"I knew not where I struck; 'twas a death struggle in the dark. I thought him dead when I left him, and ran to warn the others. But for this I was too late. The moment I set foot on the sloop's deck it was to close in battle with the big negro."

"Cochose? He saw you, then?"

"No, only as a shape. He can have no

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Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Vegetable Additions.

222—1. Change the head and tail of a vegetable and find timidity.
2. Change the head and tail of a vegetable and find a girl's name.
3. Change the head and tail of a vegetable and find a number.
4. Change the head and tail of a vegetable and find a prophet.
5. Change the head and tail of a vegetable and find to thwart.

Acrostic.

223—My first is represented as blind.
My second is a cold region.
My third is fate.
My fourth is ordinary.
My fifth is pleasant.
My sixth is kingly.
My seventh is past.
My initials form the name of the beginning of a cycle.

Word Square.

224—My first has just begun.
My second is a girl's name.
My third is to put off.
My fourth the sun gives off.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

219—Transpositions.

1. Dray, yard. 2. Life, file. 3. Door, rood. 4. Read, dear. 5. Room, moor.

220—Charade.

Pantomime.

221—Four-word Square.

P E R U
E D E N
R E A D
U N D O

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Refinishing a Floor.

IF A PAINTED or varnished floor is to be refinished, it should first be thoroly scrubbed, and after it has become perfectly dry, should be well sand-papered, and then wiped with a cloth dampened with turpentine or gasoline in order to remove the dust caused by the use of the sandpaper.

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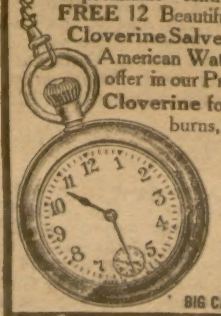

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better memory of me, than I of him. We fought as demons, until his giant strength forced me over the rail. He has no knowledge that I ever rose again."

"And then—what?"

"Oblivion; nothing. Only what I saw in the return of the boat tells me what followed. I came back to consciousness in a small dory, afloat on the Bay, with but one thought in my mind—to save the girl. How? It was too late to return, even had I known the way; but I could come here, to this ship. So here I came."

"But how, in advance of those in the long-boat?"

"By cutting across the point; the coast to the north is a wide circle. Besides the discovery of Sanchez sorely wounded left the others without a leader. Fairfax and his niece, together with the treasure, were in Travers' house, at top of the bluff. They had to carry out an attack there, which probably meant more fighting. What really happened there, of course, I do not know."

"It can be easily imagined," said Watkins, soberly. "Estada has no mercy; he is a born devil. I have seen him kill just for the pleasure of it. With Sanchez to avenge he would be an unleashed demon. But it is not the fate of those men to consider now; it is what will befall this girl prisoner. You have no plan?"

"None; to become a member of the crew was my only thought. But I must act, if at all, before the captain recovers. He would recognize me at sight. You will aid, advise me?"

The sailor sat silent; the former expression of humor in his face vanished.

"That is easier to ask, than answer, mate," he admitted finally. "I am an English seaman, and will do my duty, but, so far as I can see, there is no plan we can make. It is God who will save the girl, if she is to be saved. He may use us to that end, but it is wholly beyond our power to accomplish it alone. The only thing I can do is to sound out the men aboard, and learn just what we can expect of them if any opportunity to act comes. There are not more than a dozen at most to be relied upon."

"And my part?"

"Do nothing at present. Play your part, and keep quiet. If you can let her know of your presence aboard without discovery it might be best—for if she saw you suddenly, unprepared, she might say or do something to betray you. There are other reasons why it may be best for her to know she is not entirely deserted."

He leaned over, motioning me toward him, until his lips were at my ear.

"It may not prove as hopeless as it appears now," he whispered confidentially. "I helped carry Sanchez to his stateroom and washed and dressed his wound. There is no surgeon aboard, but I have some skill in such matters. He has a bad cut, and is very weak from loss of blood. The question of our success hinges on Pedro Estada."

"What he will do, you mean?"

"Yes; this is a chance which I happen to know he has long been waiting for. The only question is, has he the nerve to act. I doubt if he has alone, but LeVere is with him, and that half-breed would cut the throat of his best friend. You understand?—the death of Sanchez would make Estada chief. The two men hate each other—why not? There was a plan before which failed; this time it may not fail."

"But," I interposed, "in that case what would the crew do?"

"Accept Estada, no doubt; at least the cutthroats would be with him, for he is of their sort. All they care for is blood and booty. But Sanchez's death would save you from discovery, and"—his voice still lower, so that I barely distinguished the words—"in the confusion aboard, if we were ready, the Namur might be so disabled as to compel them to run her ashore for repairs. That would give you a chance. If once we reach Porto Grande there is no hope."

A marling-spike pounded on the scuttle, and Haines' voice roared down:

"Port watch! Hustle out, bullies!"

True, as Tom Watkins has said, there can be little hope for Carlyle should Sanchez survive his wound and discover his presence aboard the Namur. Wouldn't it be fine if Carlyle, Watkins and Bill Haines could get control of the ship and thus save Dorothy from her fate at the hands of heartless scoundrels and cutthroats? Something must be done, and done quickly; but, whatever it is, one can be sure that Captain Geoffry Carlyle will attempt it. Another installment in next week's Ledger.

For Ledger Girls and Boys

Pineapples.

"YUM! What smells so good?" asked Jamie, as he came into the kitchen one day.

His mother sat at one end of the table with a pan in her lap, fixing something from which a delicious fragrance came, while Jamie's Aunt Delia, who had just returned from a trip to Honolulu, was telling about the odd things she had done and seen.

Neither of them paid much attention to the little boy, until he said again, "Mother, what are you fixing? Whatever it is I hope it tastes as good as it smells."

"It's a pineapple, Jamie. Do you want the core?" And she handed him the little hard part that was left after the outside of one of the slices was cut off.

"If you think that is good, you ought to taste a pineapple that is just picked, dead-ripe," said Aunt Delia, watching Jamie smack his lips.

"Is it better than this?" asked Jamie.

"You would hardly know it for the same thing as the pineapples that we get here," his aunt told him. "In Honolulu pineapples do not need any sugar, they are so sweet. The people there don't fix them as mother is fixing this one—in little pieces. They cut the pineapple down from the top to the bottom, like long thick fingers, and eat it that way."

"How funny!" Jamie laughed. "Do pineapples grow on trees, Aunt Delia?"

"No," replied his aunt, "they grow on short sticky plants something like a cactus."

"How many grow on each plant?" Jamie wanted to know.

"Only one."

"Only one? Where does it grow?"

"Right in the center of the plant," his aunt told him. "First comes a thick stalk out of the center of the plant, then a cluster of flowers grows around the stalk, and this cluster of flowers finally grows into a pineaple. On top of the pineapple grows another little tuft of leaves something like the plant itself."

"Is this it?" Jamie asked, picking up the short sticky top that his mother had cut off the pineapple.

"Yes, that is it. The pineapple growers use those tops to make new plants."

"Doesn't a pineapple plant have any seed?"

"Yes, but the seed is not perfect enough to produce good plants, so the new plants are made from the tops or from suckers."

"What are suckers?" Jamie asked.

"Suckers are shoots that spring from the main plant," his aunt said.

"Oh, yes our tomato plants have suckers sometimes, and daddy pinches them off," said the little boy. "Why don't we have some pineapple plants in our garden, mother?"

"I am afraid they wouldn't grow very well, Jamie," laughed his mother.

"Why not?" demanded Jamie. "We have nice rich soil, haven't we?"

"Yes, but pineapples need, in addition to nice rich soil, lots of warm weather—much more than we have in this climate. How long does it take for a pineapple to mature, Delia?" his mother asked, turning to his aunt.

"About thirteen months," she replied.

"Why, that's over a year, isn't it? I shouldn't think they could grow very many at that rate!"

"They plant three crops a year, so that there are pineapples coming on almost all the time. And then there are miles and miles of pineapple ranches—the plants are stuck into all sorts of out-of-the-way places that we would probably let grow up in weeds. The plants have to be cultivated, tho, for if they are allowed to grow wild, the fruit is not so juicy and good-flavored."

"This pineapple must have been a big fellow, mother," said Jamie, looking at the large dishful the pineapple made after it was cut up. "How big do pineapples get, Aunt Delia?"

"Some of them weigh as much as twelve pounds," his aunt answered.

"You would enjoy seeing the big factories in Honolulu where they can pineapples, Jamie. Every ship that sails from there has thousands of cans of pineapple as cargo."

"Do pineapples grow any other place than in Honolulu?" Jamie asked.

"Oh, yes! They grow in the West Indies, South Africa, Asia and Africa, altho they are natives of tropical America. They can be cultivated in hot houses in the colder climates, but more as a curiosity than anything else. Did you ever hear of pineapple cloth?"

"Is This It?" Jamie Asked.

"No. What is pineapple cloth?"

"It is a kind of goods that is made from the fibres of the pineapple plant, and is something like fine white muslin. The fibre is used to make fishing lines, too, and nets and ropes that are intended to be used in water, as things made of pineapple fibre are not much affected by water."

"Well, I had no idea that pineapples were good for anything except to eat!" exclaimed Jamie's mother, handing the little boy another piece. "Let's put this in the refrigerator now, with some sugar on it and a little water to make more juice. Then Aunt Delia is going to tell us more about her trip."

Keeping Up With the Chauffeur.

"YOU ought to have a chauffeur. Can't you afford one?"

"I might afford the chauffeur," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But I couldn't afford the kind of a car he'd want to take his friends out riding in."

VIGOR SOON RESTORED BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

Extract of an African Bark Gives the Tingle of Health and the "Pep" of Youth in Just a Few Days.

The wonderful vitalizer discovered several years ago in the bark of an African tree is now being supplied to the public by an American laboratory. It is already widely used in Europe and is pronounced an amazingly quick and powerful invigorator and builder of nerve force. Its energizing influence is felt in a day or two, and within a week the circulation improves, the "pep" of youth returns and the tingle and glow of health are felt in every part.

The Re-Nu laboratories, which are supplying the extract in America, combine it in tablet form with other powerful tonic and invigorating elements, the product being called "re-nu-tabs." Thousands say it has raised them from weakness and misery to abundant, magnetic vitality and the true joy of living. In fact, the laboratories are so confident of its merit that they invite anybody to try the remedy on the basis of "no results, no pay."

Any reader of this paper may test the "re-nu-tabs" on that basis. Simply send your name and address, without money, to the Re-Nu Laboratories, 403 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo. A full treatment of the remedy will be mailed to you at once. On delivery, deposit only $2 and postage with the postman. If not amazed and delighted after taking the tablets a week, notify the laboratories and your deposit will be refunded in full. As this test offer is fully guaranteed, no one need hesitate about writing for the tablets.—Adv.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

DOGS

HOUNDS, HOUNDS, FOR SALE. SPLENDID coon and possum hounds, all ages, good size, either sex and number one hunters. Will sell one or more of these fine hounds. If interested, write for detail information. P. O. Box 14. Paris, Tenn.

FOR SALE

"CUCKOO" CLOCKS; HAND CARVED WALnut Black Forest "Cuckoo" clocks. Reliable timekeepers. $7.00 prepaid. Prompt shipment. W. B. Morrison, 509 Starr St., Copus Christi, Texas.

TYPEWRITERS FOR SALE. REAL BARgains. Trial and payments. Write to Josephine Yotz, Shawnee, Kansas.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MEN

$3.00 RAZOR. 30 DAYS' TRIAL. NO money now. If you like it send $1.50 and it's yours. Sullivan Co., 24 Rose, Battlecreek, Mich.

GOVERNMENT JOBS OPEN. $95 MONTH. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 6, Rochester, N. Y.

POULTRY

BABY CHICKS. ALL BREEDS, THORoughbred, certified, "heavy egg production." Popular prices. 60 page poultry book. $150.00 poultry course free. Elwood Pusey, East Liverpool, Ohio.

INSTRUCTION

USED CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL courses at less than half original cost. Bargain price list of 1000 courses free. Students' Exchange, 1966 Broadway, New York.

PHOTO FINISHING

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER; YOUR NEXT kodak film developed 5c—prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1891 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BICYCLE MOTORS

DON'T BUY A BICYCLE MOTOR ATTACHment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Galesburg, Kansas.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED — CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES WANTED

AMBITIOUS WRITERS OF PHOTOPLAYS, short stories, songs, poems, newspaper articles, send today for free helpful booklet, "Successful Writing." Writer's Digest, S 682 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AMBITIOUS to make money writing stories and photoplays. Send for wonderful free book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 164, Auburn, N. Y.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollett Ave., Minneapolis Minn.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

PETERSON'S "SPECIAL" FOR ASTHMA. Guaranteed immediate relief or money refunded. $1.50 per bottle or six bottles for $8.00. Postage prepaid. Peterson's Medical Co., 427 Fairmount avenue, Meadville, Penna.

PILES, FISTULA, ULCERATION, CONSTIpation, bleeding, itchfng—cured at home. Free trial. S. U. Tarney, Auburn, Ind.

RATTLESNAKE OIL SURE CURE FOR deafness, dryness and ringing in the head. Minnie G. Scruggs, Nezperce, Idaho.

PATENTS

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS. SEND SKETCH OR MODEL of invention for advice. Write for evidence of disclosure form and book on patents, free. Prompt service. Merton-Roberts & Company, 199 Mather Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED. SUBMIT SKETCH or model of your invention for examination. Write for record of invention blank and valuable book, free. J. L. Jackson & Co., 313 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUBlic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

SONG POEMS WANTED ON ANY SUBJECT for free examination and advice. We write the music and secure copyright. Big demand. Successful Song Service, 240 West 46th St., N. Y. C.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE compose music and guarantee publication. Submit poems. Broadway Studios, 218 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We'll compose the music [illegible] and publish same. Send song poem today. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES

AUTO OWNERS WANTED TO USE AND INtroduce our new 6,000 and 10,000 mile guaranteed cord and fabric tires. Make big money, part or full time. Free tires for your car. Write quick for special agents offer and low wholesale prices. It will pay you to answer this little adv. now. Reliable Tire & Rubber Co., 35th St. & Michigan Ave., Dept. 140, Chicago, Ill.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

FARM LANDS

BOOK OF FLORIDA FACTS FREE ONLY to those really desirous of acquiring a little land and an orange grove at a reasonable price and on easy terms. If you are, write for your copy today to Lake County Land Owners' Ass'n., 278 Twilight Ave., Fruitland Park, Fla.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY, FREE, SPECIAL NUMBER just out, containing many facts of cloverland in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Rhiele Land Co., 511 Skidmore-Rhiele Bldg., Marinette, Wisc.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LAND OPPORTUNITY! 20, 40, 80 ACRE tracts in Michigan, only $15 to $35 per acre. Small payment down, balance long time. Investigate this chance to get a farm home. Write today for free illustrated booklet. Swigart Land Co., X-1245, First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago.

CIGARS FOR SALE

BUY YOUR CIGARS DIRECT. 50 LA Columnar prepaid $1.75. Agents wanted. Havana Smokehouse, Homeland, Ga.

FORD OWNERS

COMPTON SPRING OILERS MAKE RIDING perfect, stop squeaking, prevent rusting. Are foolproof. Attach without tools in few minutes. Everybody pleased. Send $1.00 for complete set. Compton Oiler Co., 29 Broadway, New York.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

BROKERS, SALESMEN, ATTENTION! WE furnish leads and finance your advertising campaigns; we help you to make sales. The company, the result of a merger of ten great oil companies, now commencing national selling campaign. The company owns and controls many producing wells, its own refinery, drilling rigs, miles of pipeline and marketing stations. Its great success in the past by producing, refining and marketing, makes sales of its securities easy. Write us immediately while there is territory still open. Financial Dep't, 221 Western Indemnity Building, Dallas, Texas.

STOCK SALESMEN WANTED—TOP COMMISSIONS to producers. Your chance to clean up quick. Three producing wells; three wells drilling; 1 El Dorado; 2 Mexia section. Advertising and co-operating campaign makes sales easy. Leads furnished. $2900 on $100 already paid investors with me. This looks like record winner. Our salesmen are cleaning up. Get option on territory while development now going on. Don't answer unless you mean business and can deliver the goods. Henry H. Hoffman, Pres. Bluebird Oil Corporation, Dept. 102, Houston, Texas.

EVERYBODY EATS EVERY DAY. YOU CAN handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality; selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or Express Co.

AGENTS WANTED

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Fastest selling article ever sold through agents. Free samples make sales easy. 300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Dept. 300, 1308-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 500 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

TWENTY YEARS OF SQUARE DEALINGS with our agents—We want an agent of good standing in your section, all or part time, to handle "Our Standard Remedy," for rheumatism, blood and kidney trouble. No money needed. Must send references. Write today for particulars. Address Standard Med. Society, Dept. C, Baltimore, Md.

LIBERAL PROPOSITION FOR LIVE MEN selling new products; removes iron rust, medicine, mildew, ink, grass and fruit stains. Bleaches clothes, cleans straw hats. Write for free sample today and start taking orders. C. H. Stuart & Co., 55 Broadway, Newark, New York.

AGENTS $54 A WEEK, TRAVEL BY AUTO, install new stove converter in country homes. Wonderful invention. Cook and bake all year without coal or wood. No gas or electricity needed. We furnish the auto. Sample free. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 2511, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

AGENTS—$100 WEEKLY, AUTOMOBILE owners wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 sample outfit and Ford car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Dept. 7, Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS: BRAND NEW WIRELESS UM- brella. Two handles. Can be used by lady or gent. Only umbrella ever made without wires to hold stays in place. Handles collapse to fit suitcase. Not sold in stores. Popular prices. Write for sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 409 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY, $8 TO $16 A DAY. Aluminum handle cutlery set. Brand new. You display and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample free. Try it out. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1615, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—1922's GREATEST SENSATION— 11 piece toilet article set, selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dress maker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

WORLD'S FASTEST AGENTS' SELLER. 400% profit. Needed in every home, office and store. Establish permanent profitable business. Free sample. Premier Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

EARN $60-$100 WEEKLY SELLING NEW auto necessity, to avoid glaring headlights. Nothing like it; all autoists buy on sight. American Reflector Co., Dept. 50, Hammond, Ind.

BE SUCCESSFUL AGENT—FREE SAMPLE outfit, worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 220, Logansport, Ind.

AGENTS, SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY soap; 150 other household necessities. Big line. Big profits. Quick repeaters. Free instruction. Write quick for terms. Wolverine Soap Co., 303 Water St., Portland, Michigan.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY, FUR- nish rig and expenses to all who qualify introducing guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X 520, Springfield, Illinois.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

$2.50 PER DAY SALARY PAID ONE WOM- an in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated non-alcoholic flavoring. McCurdy Co., A 1428 Wells St., Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE SIXTY DOLLARS PER week selling new Sallie May "Dressup" aprons. Write and learn how to obtain samples without cost. Moss Apron Co., 54 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

350% PROFIT: QUICK, EASY SELLER. Kleanrite, washes clothes without rubbing. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 1947-K Irving Park, Chicago.

SELL WILSON HATS FROM FACTORY TO wearer. Extraordinary commission. We deliver and collect. Every man a customer. Wilson Hat Works, Montclair, New Jersey.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN — MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502, Wooster, O.

OIL GAUGE FOR FORDS. REMARKABLE new invention. Sells on sight. Big profits, easy. Exclusive distributors wanted. Address Sales Mgr., 114 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

"FREE," OUR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR OF novelties not sold in stores. Address: "Continental Import Co.," Box 240, Montreal, Canada.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT- est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS — FAST - SELLING HOUSEHOLD specialty; big profits; liberal terms. Write H. E. Bishop Co., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 1.

HELP WANTED

PAINT PICTURES AT HOME. WE PAY cash, teach you in 10 lessons, furnish outfit and material. Free booklet. No experience necessary. Start local art business, $5,000 yearly. Tangley Studios, 152 Main, Muscatine, Iowa.

$135 MONTH COMMENCE. U. S. GOVERN- ment railway mail clerks. Men, boys, over 17. Steady. Vacations. List positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

YOUNG MEN, WOMEN, OVER 17, DESIRING Government positions, $130 monthly; write for free list of positions now open. J. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

BIG MONEY MADE SILVERING MIRRORS and plating tableware. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 256 Fifth avenue, New York.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN—RAIL- way mail clerk "exam" soon. Let our expert (former Government Examiner) prepare you for this and also rural carrier, post office, customs, internal revenue and other branches. Write today for free booklet. Dept. 641, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR; $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free booklet, CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, electric motormen, conductors, sleeping car and train porters (colored). Railroads everywhere, $140-$200. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

MEN WANTED FOR U. S. MAIL SERVICE. Permanent. Experience not required. Correspondence course unnecessary. Write E. S. Bishop, Box 391, Joplin, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MALE HELP WANTED—(Con't.)

THOSE OUT OF EMPLOYMENT OR WISH- ing to increase present income, communicate with Chautauqua Commercial Agency, Jamestown, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVES- tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIRE- men, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. BIG PAY. WRITE FOR particulars. Muldane System, Charles Blk., Denver, Colo.

WANTED MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE experts. $25 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A404, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO AD- dress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book explaining everything mailed for 10c. to cover postage, etc. Ward. Pub. Co., Tilton, N. J.

EXCEPTIONAL OPENING. THOSE DESIR- ing plain sewing home. Any sewing machine. City-country. No canvassing. Steady. To prevent curiosity seekers send 12 cents. Samples-information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Inc., Asbury Park, N. J.

WOMEN WANTED—OLD, RELIABLE FIRM wants earnest, refined women to introduce Priscilla fabrics, underwear, hosiery, etc. Good pay. Samples, instructions furnished. Write today. Fitzcharles Company, 217 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

LADIES—MAKE $3 HOUR DEMONSTRAT- ing "Simplex Ironing Board Covers." Something new—sells on sight. New agent made $6 first hour. W. Lynch, Box 718, Springfield, Ill.

WOMEN-GIRLS. BECOME MILITARY DE- signers. Earn $125 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A-304, Rochester, N. Y.

"MOTHER'S PROCESS" CLEANS CLOTHES snow-white in few minutes. Formula 25c. Money-back guarantee. Box 310, Fort Worth, Texas.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange, Ind.

WANTED, WOMEN, $35 WEEK, EARN while learning. Become dress designers. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

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PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down condition should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

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PERSONAL—(Continued)

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378 Pleasant avenue, St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

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LOVING LADY WORTH $10,000 WANTS kind husband. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

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CALIFORNIA BACHELOR, WORTH $40,000, wants wife. E-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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RANCHER, WORTH $96,000, WANTS WIFE. Ladies, write. (J-W) Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

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MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Alfred Schreffler, Mount Moriah, Mo., wishes to hear from, or concerning his following sisters: Melvina Schreffler, 15 years old; 5 ft. 6 in. tall; weight 150 lbs.; black hair, brown eyes. Frances Gertrude Schreffler; age 12 years; slender; black hair, black eyes. Luamanda Ellen Schreffler; age 9 years; light hair, blue eyes. Elsie Edith Schreffler, age 7 years; light hair, blue eyes.

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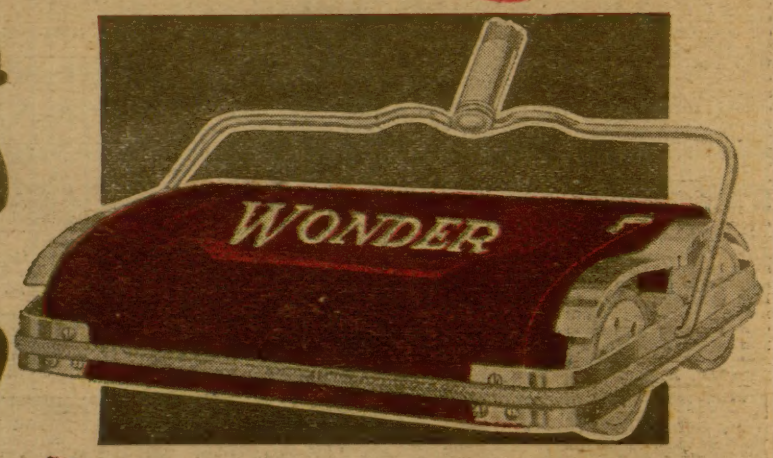

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